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The ECHO



PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS ASSOCIATION
OF GREENSBORO COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA

1918

Order of Books

Book One

The College

Book Two

The Classes

Book Three

Organizations

Book Four

Athletics

Book Five

The College Year

Book Six

Literary and Publications.

Book Seven

Humor



Foreword

In the publication of this book it has been the aim of the Editors to present a true Echo of student life in our college. We have endeavored to incorporate the atmosphere of the campus, its lighter side, the sports and pleasures of youth, as well as of the graver duties of the student. May you find in these pages a record of such scenes and incidents as will keep alive and warm in your hearts the memory of your college days and deepen your love for your Alma Mater.



MASCOT

To

Mrs. Emily Ellen Siler

We dedicate this volume
of

“The Echo”

In token of our love, and our appreciation
of her unfailing devotion to, and
sympathetic understanding
of all student ac-
tivities

Response to Dedication

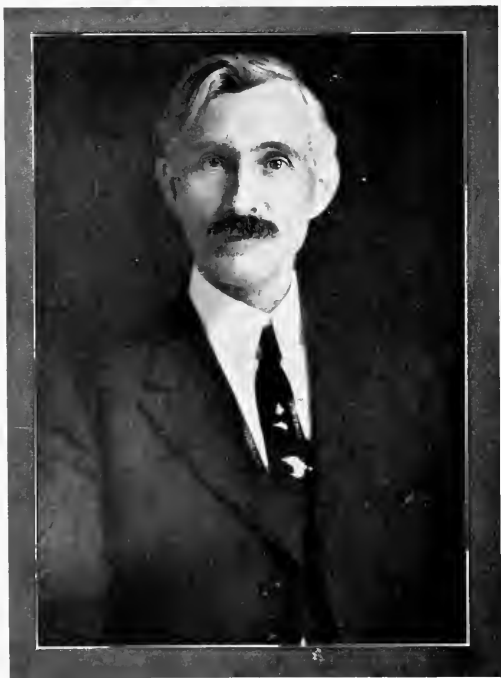
Awhile we've walked together through the land
Where life and books make goodly company;
The way has been long to you, though hand in hand,
In girlish glee you trod the blooming paths,
Taking with brave cheer the thorns that do appear
Even where life's roses bloom the richest red.
To me it seems but yesterday, that morn and year,
When your young eyes first questioned me—
"The road is new and strange and far the end;
Our hearts are like the sea, but youth is shy—
Oh! can you be an understanding friend?"
And I—that challenge reached my inmost soul.

Now lo! the thing you asked of me
You have become, so quick and strong
Has womanhood o'ertaken you,
Tuning your carefree girlish song
Into a chant for times like these.
Humanity's drum beat you hear;
God, too, needs friends who understand
Go forth with Him and know no fear.

—EMILY ALLEN SILER



MRS. FRANK SILER, Dean



DR. S. B. TURRENTINE, President



MRS. LUCY H. ROBERTSON,
PRESIDENT EMERITA



REV. EDWIN L. BAIN,
D. D.
CHAPLAIN



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SECRETARY AND TREASURER

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FOR THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR 1916-17

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INSTRUCTOR IN FRENCH; ASSISTANT IN ENGLISH

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A. B., Greensboro College for Women
INSTRUCTOR IN CHEMISTRY



MISS CLARKE



D. F. NICHOLSON



MISS PEGRAM



MISS HALL



L. B. HURLEY



MISS WEBER



MISS FRANKLIN



MISS WARD



MISS TUTHILL

THE ECHO

1918

CONRAD LAHSER

Royal Academy of Art, Hochschule fuer Musik, Berlin, Germany
PROFESSOR OF GERMAN AND THEATRICAL BRANCHES OF MUSIC

BENJAMIN S. BATES

New England Conservatory of Music, Normal Department Pupil of Arthur J. Hubbard,
Boston, Chas. B. Stevens, Boston and Signor Dante Del Papa, Rome
PROFESSOR OF VOICE

MORTIMER BROWNING

Graduate in Organ, Peabody Conservatory of Music, Baltimore, Md.
PROFESSOR OF ORGAN AND ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF PIANO

MISS MARJORIE GASKINS

Graduate of New England Conservatory of Music
ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF PIANO

*ROBERT L. ROY

Royal Conservatory, Dresden, Germany; Concert Meister Gents, Berlin, Germany
PROFESSOR OF VIOLIN AND STRINGED INSTRUMENTS

MISS AGNES CHASTEN

Graduate of New England Conservatory of Music
ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF PIANO; INSTRUCTOR IN THEORY

* MISS CAROLYN V. STEARNS

A. B., Smith College
ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF PIANO AND HISTORY OF MUSIC

*Resigned in February.



MISS AGNES CHASTEY
Piano



CONRAD LAHSER
Director of Music



MISS MARJORIE GASKINS
Piano



MORTIMER BROWNING
Organ and Piano

Music
Faculty
1918



BENJAMIN BATES
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MISS CAROLYN STEARNS



ROBERT ROY
Violin



MISS MEREDITH CLARK
Expression



MISS HOPPER



MISS PORTER
Art



MRS. ALLEY
Librarian

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PROFESSOR OF ART

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Courses at University of Tennessee and Columbia University
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A. B., and Diploma in Expression, Central College, Ark., With One Year Post-Graduate Work;
Pupil of Mme. Bertha Kunz Baker, New York; Physical training in Central
College, Ark., and Chautauqua, New York.
PROFESSOR OF EXPRESSION AND PHYSICAL CULTURE

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SUPERVISOR OF KITCHEN AND DINING ROOM

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ASSISTANT IN DOMESTIC SCIENCE

MISS MINNIE ATWATER
CHAPERON

Book One



The College



MAIN BUILDING FROM WEST MARKET STREET



ENTRANCE TO CAMPUS, WEST MARKET STREET



CAMPUS VIEW



CAMPUS VIEW



ROTUNDA PORCH



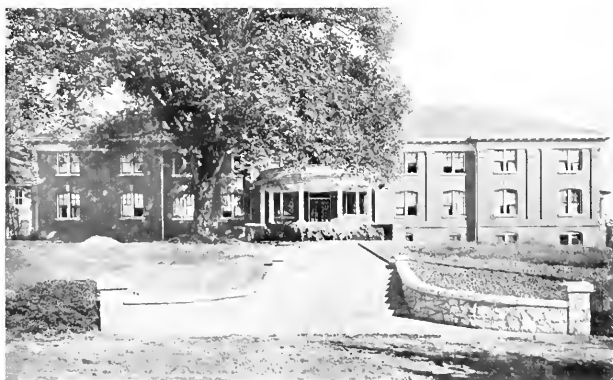
VIEW FROM REAR CAMPUS



CAMPUS VIEW FROM SIDE ENTRANCE



HUDSON HALL



FITZGERALD HALL



Presbyterian Home



St. James' Home



St. James' Home



CHapel Stage and Parlor



IRVING AND EMERSON SOCIETY HALLS—RECEPTION HALL



OFFICES OF PRESIDENT EMERITA AND DEAN



LIBRARY AND ART STUDIO



DINING ROOM — DOMESTIC ART ROOM



ROOMS IN INFIRMARY



SITTING ROOMS



DORMITORY BLD ROOMS



The Greensboro College Creed

We believe in being rather than in seeming; in the devotion to high ideals; in daring to do our duty as we understand it.

We believe in having an attentive eye, a listening ear, a busy brain, in keeping the mind clear and bright, filling it with wholesome thoughts of life; in losing ourselves in useful industry.

We believe in being worthy at all times; in having grim energy and resolute courage for the conquest of fear; in gaining confidence in our own ability.

We believe in service; in doing kind deeds, thinking kind thoughts; in being strong, gentle, pure and good, steady, loyal and enduring.

We believe in reverence for truth; in humility; in great aspirations and high ambitions; in toiling ever upwards.

We believe in cultivating the bright virtue of patriotism and the holy passion of friendship.

We believe in studying hard, thinking quietly, talking gently, acting frankly; in listening to the winds, the trees, the stars, and the birds, to babes and sages with open heart; we believe in being glad, in loving all, in hating none; in doing all bravely, bearing all cheerfully, awaiting occasions, hurrying never.

We believe in striving to gain sound knowledge, not content simply to know, but determine to use knowledge for the highest purpose.

We believe in Man and Woman, in God's unending love, and in the Future.

Book Two



The Classes



MRS. ALLEY, CLASS MOTHER

During our four years of college life we have come to our Mother for help in straightening out perplexing tangles, for sympathy and advice in grave difficulties. She has shared all our joys and pleasures; she has understood and encouraged our highest hopes and aspirations; she has loved us and we have loved her with our whole hearts.





Reuben Gertrude Alley

B. S.

Greensboro, N. C.

I. L. S.; Inter-Society Debater (2, 3); Dramatic Club (2); President Basketball Club (2); Tennis Club (2); "G" Club (3, 4); Quill Club (3, 4); Censor I. L. S. (3); President Track Team (3); Annual Staff (3, 4); Message Staff (3); Editor-in-Chief Message (4).

To begin with, we have the original genius of Math. A little eccentric—she dons an amusing pessimism, doffed at will. As Editor-in-Chief of *The College Message* she has shown that ability and quiet stick-to-it-iveness that always wins. A good student, a girl of fine intelligence and a dreaded opponent in debate, she has made a success of every activity with which she has been connected. Individual, and independent, she is doomed at last to become an optimist.





Maurine Brittain

A. B.

Summerfield, N. C.

E. L. S.; Marshal E. L. S. (1); Vice-President Class (11); Captain Basketball Team (2); Chaplain E. L. S. (2); Class Treasurer (2, 3); Tennis Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Tennis (2, 3, 4); Assistant Business Manager Message (3); President Sewing Club (3); Nordica Club (3, 4); President Nordica Club (4); Vice President Students' Association (4); Message Staff (4); Annual Staff (4); Class Historian (4); President E. L. S. (4)

Are you looking for a girl with a sunny, winsome smile and a magnetic personality, one whose every action is prompted by sincerity and purpose? Then find Maurine—the most popular girl in school. An athlete of repute, she does not devote her entire attention to athletic activities but with the same ease and persistency with which she wins a tennis match, she leads her class. A promising musician with a peculiar sweetness of voice, a girl of keen intellect, with a propensity for "starting something new" and an enthusiastic supporter of college ideas and purposes, Maurine is a girl of girls—the type the whole world is needing—a born leader





Myrtle Caviness

A. B.

Newport, N. C.

E. L. S.; Two Years at Carolina College; President Sewing Club (4); Northern Club (4); Captain Walking Squad (4); Echo Staff (4).



Myrtle came into the class in her Senior year with the determination to succeed and success has come. Quiet, dignified and good natured, she is an earnest student. What she has to do is done promptly and as well as she can do it. She

is popular with those who know her, but her quiet reserve has deprived many of that privilege. The class of '18 is expecting to hear great things of this child of the parsonage as a teacher, both in secular and in Sunday schools, for which work she is making a special preparation.





Katherine Otelia Conroy

A. B.

Cullowhee, N. C.

I. L. S.; Two Years at Cullowhee State Normal; Captain Walking Squad (3); Y. W. C. A. Cabinet (4); Annual Staff (4); Class Treasurer (4); Fitzgerald Hall House President (4); Quill Club (3, 4); Dramatic Club (3); Class Prophet (4); Vice President S. S. Conference (4).



To be a Senior and yet observe all the rules of courtesy is, we fear, a paradox, but "K" is all this. When we first heard the sound of her voice, though only two years ago, it was love at first sight, and we fear it's an incurable case. And the Seniors can't claim a monopoly on it—that's the sad part—every one loves Kathleen. And besides, some day she'll be private secretary to some one—perhaps the President of the United States, because "K" can take notes as fast as even the President could give them, and in a hand that a dozen copy books couldn't improve.





Lucy Kendall Curtis

A. B.

Greensboro, N. C.



Unassuming, patient, and thoughtful, Lucy does not waste energy in words, but when she does speak she says something worth while. Her fault seems to be in keeping too much her own counsel, but her gentle smiling ways win her many friends. On the campus and in the classroom she has shown those qualities of persistence and industry that mark a thorough student. Judging from these and her skill in Domestic Science we shall hear more of her in the years to come.





Elizabeth Derickson

B. S.

Elizabeth City, N. C.

E. L. S.; Dramatic Club (2);
Glee Club (1, 2, 3); Tennis
Club (1, 2, 3); Class Secretary
(1); Class President (1); Mes-
sage Staff (2); Critic E. L. S.
(3); Business Manager Mes-
sage (4); Recording Secretary
Students' Association (4);
Chief Marshal (4).

The Goddess of Fortune certainly must have smiled on her birth, for while the rest of us study and cram, Betsy either takes a walk, a siesta, or just leisurely enjoys herself. Yet her reports prove that when she works she works hard. The easy measured tread with which she paces the hall (especially after lights), is indicative of her deliberate but indomitable will. Versatile and dignified, Betsy is a true Senior, striking awe deep into the hearts of wondering Freshmen and knowing how to be a good comrade to the hosts of masculine admirers—she challenges the future.





Thelma Dixon

A. B.

Hookerton, N. C.

L. L. S.; Two Years at Carolina College; Chaplain L. L. S. (4); Message Staff (4); Captain Walking Squad (4); President Y. W. C. A. (4)

Just an announcement, please. No, not about the Friendship War Fund, or any of the dozen other things Thelma has put across this year, but to say that out of the inspiration Thelma has received while a member of '18 she is going to build something fine and big—something that '18 will be proud of. She's full of ideas—good ones—and she has the rare gift of being able to transmit her enthusiasm to others—especially her enthusiasm about a certain class called Sophomores. As President of the Y. W. C. A. she has been deeply interested in the welfare of every girl. She has been the central figure in many of our great days—remember G. C. W. day?





Minnie Evelyn Garrett

A. B.

Rockingham, N. C.

I. L. S.; Secretary I. L. S.
(3); Annual Staff (3); Presi-
dent I. L. S. (4)



The poet reminds us that:
"We may live without poetry,
music and art,

We may live without con-
science and live without
heart,

We may live without friends
and live without books,

But civilized man cannot live without cooks."

Minnie—Evelyn, she would prefer to be called, but alas! we just cannot remember—has majored in Domestic Science during her college course; she has made "Feeding the Family" and "Table Service" her constant companions. As a tutor in Domestic Science I, she has proved popular and successful. When she gazes off into space with those "liquid eyes," we know her thoughts are "somewhere in France" and looking at her we know why she was voted the prettiest girl in school.





Thelma Harrell

B. M.

Suffolk, Va.

I. L. S.; Marshal I. L. S. (1, 3); Echo Staff (3); Nordica Club Accompanist (3, 4); President Browning Club (4); Secretary Class (4); Censor I. L. S. (4); Message Staff (4); Y. W. C. A. Cabinet (4); "G" Club (4); Captain Walking Squad (4).

Speaking of music—here is Kate Harrell. We are expecting great things of the President of the Browning Club. She often delights us all by getting out her guitar and singing to her own accompaniment, punctuated by "cute" re-

marks. We know of but two things from which Kate will run; the first is Math., and the other is the ordeal of seeing her roommate being told good-night. Neatness is another of her enviable qualities, yet she never verges on "prissiness." Thelma says she has the best mother in the world, and many are led to believe her "next best" because of the many boxes she gets, and the regularity of her letters.





Claire Harris
A. B.
Roxboro, N. C.

E. L. S.; Annual Staff (2);
Editor-in-Chief Message (3);
Vice-President Class (3); Cap-
tain Walking Squad (3); Class
Historian (3); Quill Club (3,
4); Corresponding Secretary
Students' Association (4); Stu-
dent Council (4); Editor in
Chief Echo (4)

Could there be a queerer combination than sarcasm and sentimentality? But it would not be Claire if it were not queer. She is an enthusiastic booster of Roxboro, and even subscribed to *The Courier* until her own editorial duties became so pressing. She also says (?) that she went to the meeting of the North Carolina College Press Association at Chapel Hill! Claire is fickle with Sophomores, but is true to '18, so we listen to her sarcasm, consider who spoke, and forget it. She always has her work done at the required time—but when she does it is the unsolved mystery.





Catherine Hubbard

A. B.

Elkin, N. C.

I. L. S.; Tennis Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Class President (2, 3); Secretary and Treasurer of Reading Club (2); Class Tennis (3, 4); Track Team (3, 4); President Sewing Club (2); "G" Club (4); Dramatic Club (2, 3); Class Poet (3, 4); Y. W. C. A. Cabinet (3); Ounll Club (3, 4); Assistant Editor Message (3); President Students' Association (4).

Who said "We-e-e-ck" in the Dean's office and nearly frightened "Mr. Dean" to death? Who says "Ain't that purty? Naw, it ain't either?" To whom did Mrs. Siler make the suggestion that a copy book might prove to some advantage? Any one can answer those questions, but they would wish to add: "Who is a friend to everyone? Who is kindest when we are reported? Who is the favorite of the student body?" And if you cannot answer, just glance above at the offices she has held; turn over the pages until you find the college statistics; and if you are yet doubtful, ask Elizabeth Merritt!





Annie Richard Long

A. B.

Sylva, N. C.

I. L. S.; One Year at Cul-
lowhee State Normal; Class
Poet (2); Nordica Club (3);
Quill Club (3, 4); Track Team
(3, 4); Tennis Club (3, 4);
Secretary I. L. S. (4); Stu-
dent Council (4); Annual Staff
(4); Message Staff (4); Sec-
retary S. S. Conference (4); Sec-
retary Sewing Club (4); Glee
Club (4).

A. Long came to the col-
lege when we were Juniors,
but did not enter our class
until this year. We are sorry
not to have had her all the
time. "A" is rarely ever seen
without her knitting and a let-
ter from France. These let-
ters are very interesting—on the envelope—and judg-
ing by the expression on her face, the interior is
equally enjoyable. She is one of the few girls in
the world who has the most enviable kind of beauty
—it lasts all day, and doesn't require cosmetics to
make it noticeable. No wonder that she strings
Normal girls by the wholesale—whisper it—the
whole Senior class is more or less on her string.





Sarah Elizabeth Merritt

A. B.

Mt. Airy, N. C.

I. L. S. ; Vice-President Class
(2, 4); Messnge Staff (2, 4);
Annual Staff (4); Vice-Presi-
dent I. L. S. (4); Quill Club
(3, 4); Dramatic Club (1, 2, 3).



"Merritt" is one of the most loyal of the loyal '18-ers, though she entered with the Class of '17. And though those who know her best don't know when she did her campaigning, she was elected the smartest girl in school. Ser-

vice seems to be Merritt's motto. No girl in school could find a more sympathetic friend; nothing to be done could find one more faithful to do it; abreast of the times in everything a member that '18 is proud to own





Jessie Lelia Reeves

A. B.

Albemarle, N. C.

I. L. S.; Basketball Team (1); Captain of Walking Squad (1, 2, 3, 4); Dramatic Club (1, 2); President Sewing Club (2); Secretary and Treasurer Walking Club (2); Track Team (3, 4); Captain Walking Club (4); Second Vice-President Students' Association (4); Treasurer Y. W. C. A. (4); Business Manager Echo (4).



Something has come over Jessie, our business-like, Y. W. C. A. Wonder what 'tis? Someone intimates that she even dares dream when engaged on the sacred business of getting ads. for the Annual! Therefore we beg to disagree with the sage who has probably said, "Uniforms are but a cotton roll just for wrapping up a soul." Why we would even suspect Dan Cupid of concealing himself thusly! Notwithstanding all this, we fully expect Jessie, perhaps flourishing her Red Cross bag to lead a valiant charge for '18.





Mattie Register

A. B.

Greensboro, N. C.



Mattie is very like a timid brown bird—if you step too close, she'll fly away. She lives out in town, and as soon as recitations are over, she runs home to stay till classes next day. We suspect that there is a deal of common sense in that small head which would greatly benefit our class, if she would share it. We are expecting Mattie to make a first-class farmer after she graduates—but not a "Farmerette"!





Sadie Alberta Trollinger

B. M.

Burlington, N. C.

E. L. S. Basketball Club (1);
Tennis Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Pres-
ident Tennis Club (3); Class
Walking (3); Assistant Ac-
companied Nordica Club (3, 4);
Secretary Sewing Club (3, 4);
Secretary Browning Club (4);
Echo Staff (4); Ex-President
Y. W. C. A. (4).



Here is our fire cracker! She's perfectly harmless until someone lights the fuse, and then she goes off with a re-sounding and a re-echoing "Bang." If you know Sadie you'll realize that a fire crack-er is a necessity not a luxury nor convenience. When the rights of the Seniors have been stepped on, it takes Sadie to "tell 'em." She can do it in the most convincing way in the world. To tell the truth, Sadie is about the strong-est bit of vertebrae in the backbone of our class. Like Thelma Harrell, she is a music sharp, and the two of them are the pride of those who follow less aesthetic courses.





Marguerite G. Wilson

A. B.

Hertford, N. C.

I. L. S.; Secretary Sewing Club (1, 4); Glee Club (1, 2); President Sewing Club (2); Tribunal I. L. S. (3); Secretary Class (3); Tennis Club (3, 4); Chairman Welfare Committee (4); Message Staff (3); Vice-President Y. W. C. A. (4); Treasurer Students' Association (4); President Class (4).

There's a certain little word that rhymes with Marguerite—yes, that's it. And there's a certain little something about Marguerite herself that has made the whole class love her. Perhaps because she smiles through everything; she has even been heard to laugh—even the ordeal of getting a Senior sitting room. And she is withal a business woman with a head for "figgers," why, she passed Physics, to say nothing of Math. II and all the rest. But there's one thing above all others that we're morally certain of, no matter what the years bring, Marguerite will always love her class as they will their President.



THE ECHO

1918

Senior Class Officers

MARGUERITE WILSON	President
ELIZABETH MERRITT	Vice-President
THELMA HARRELL	Secretary
KATHLEEN CONROY	Treasurer
MAURINE BRITAIN	Historian
ELIZABETH MERRITT	Testator
KATHLEEN CONROY	Prophet

MOTTO: "Dum Virimus, Viromur"

FLOWER: Narcissus

COLORS: Light Blue and White



THE ECHO

1918

Senior Class History



WENTY-FIVE strong we came to seek our fortune and to win a place for ourselves among our comrades to be, in the fall of 1914. We organized under the leadership of Louise Bruton, who made us an admirable President. At first our enthusiasm and ardor were cooled by tears of homesickness—and the Sophomores. Yet in spite of our uneasiness in their presence they won a place in our regard when they entertained us royally and gave us the right hand of fellowship. However, we soon put away our childish fears and became Freshmen indeed—so much so that on a cloudless night when all good children were in bed, dreaming of the "pickaninny angels," a bevy of merry-faced girls crept by the watchman, and with lanterns and hearts aglow gathered around a little tree to adopt it as their own. With toasts and laughter, the minutes sped away. Soon, having thrown caution to the winds, the frolic ended, for the class song brought the faculty, who bundled them off to bed. Morning brought a visit to the Dean's office and a prelude of yells at breakfast from the Sophomores. Thus ended our debut to college life.

The following year we again sought our college home. Though fewer in number we came with greater enthusiasm and whole-heartedness, for were we not old girls?—Were we not SOPHOMORES? Not satisfied with our inward feeling of greatness, we endeavored to impress this important fact upon the unsympathetic world. Following the line of least resistance and thinking the Freshmen at a timid and impressionable age, we endeavored to overawe them with our superior knowledge of life in general, and Sophomore-ship in particular. With becoming dignity, we donned the apparel of nurses and escorted our charges to the gym. In the enthusiasm of the moment we forgot our superiority and enjoyed the merriment even as much as they.

During this time our college interests began to broaden and to seek outlet in wider channels. Our courses of study began to hold our interest and the foundation of our ideals of scholarship took firm root. The athletic members of the class sought honor in the outside field of action. How proud we were to win the championship in tennis and to feel the cup in our possession! Irene Broome and Catherine Hubbard led us safely through this plastic period of our college life.

No one knows the feeling of being a Junior until that happy lot is hers. The ensign of honor of that order is a spoon and the watchword is "Junior ice cream." We saved up our nickles until one moonlight night we whisked the Seniors away in automobiles, trying all the while to disguise our movements till we arrived at the Country Club for festivities. Our greatest surprise for the guests was the presence of the beloved Mr. Bennett, our former English professor.

With the coming of spring our dramatic instinct craved freedom. After much fun and a little hard work, our secret, "The Open Secret," was given. In it we became familiar with a cap and gown, whose presence was a prediction of coming Senior-dom. Commencement came with its joys and flowers, also the honor of marshaling. How proudly our

THE ECHO

1918

fingers embroidered the '18 upon the green and white of our regalias. Yet it was with a feeling of sadness, too, for our little Chinese member, We Tsung Zung, left us to continue her studies at Smith College. We have missed her much, for hers was not a place easy to fill.

How gladly we returned in the fall of 1917 to welcome our new members! Our class was now a band of eighteen, with Marguerite Wilson as President. Student Government was our biggest ideal for the year; our hopes were for its firm establishment during our regime. We are proud of what we have accomplished, but we are appalled at the work that remains to be done.

We have found our Senior privileges all that they are said to be. We give them gladly to the incoming class, for they were established as a safety valve through which our Senior dignity might escape.

October twenty fourth, Liberty Day, was set apart as Senior Day. At chapel with loyal and patriotic hearts we gave two Liberty Bonds of the one hundred dollar denomination to the endowment fund of our college.

One of the brightest influences of this year has been our congenial relation with our sister class, the Sophomores. Great was our surprise one night when we found ourselves the honor guests at a delightful Valentine party, where our past, present, and future were revealed.

On account of her health, Edith Swinney, our Business Manager of *The Echo*, had to leave us in this last half of our four years. We feel that commencement will not be complete without her, for she holds many warm corners in our hearts.

As the days pass, bringing us nearer to the hour of our graduation and to the time of our final departure from our college home, our hearts are filled with a deeper love for our class mates, a keener appreciation of our Alma Mater, and a nobler impulse to accomplish the tasks of the future, for we are filled with the thought of our heritage, that the best of life is yet to be!



Rambert Allen
 Song of '18
 Dedicated to Senior Class.

Stephen Kanner

I, Class of Nineteen eighteen
 Loy-ali-ty to Col-lege
 seventeen & strong we
 Loy-ali-ty to

stand,
 Land,
 Looking to the
 Future
 meekly hand in hand
 for all this we
 stand.
 So the # says are
 To our Al-ma

Passing,
 me to
 we will strive to
 be
 The spirit of our
 met-rop-ol-itan
 The
 high-est
 With in thine
 co- world walls
 G C

Whom we love, ... Within thy name - O - ever - and

hells our ... souls save a bare and then out

all a ... G C well turn to thee and

thru all the days may we ever hear praise of thee O - dear old ...

For For For



FLOSSIE DENNY
Greensboro, N. C.
GRADUATE VOICE AND PIANO

Domestic Science Seniors



KATHERYN BAILEY

Tribunal E. L. S. (2)
Marshville, N. C.



MARY L. COX

I. L. S.
Goldshoro, N. C.



LUCY KENDALL CURTIS

E. L. S.
Greensboro, N. C.



MINNIE E. GARRETT

I. L. S.; Secretary I. L. S. (3); Annual Staff (3); Pres. I. L. S. (4)
Rockingham, N. C.



VIRGINIA GIBBS

Pres. Preparatory Class (1); Vice-
Pres. Dramatic Club (2); Cham-
pion Basketball Team (2);
Pres. Dramatic Club (3);
Critic I. L. S. (3)
Fayetteville, N. C.



MARY KEITH HUCKABEE

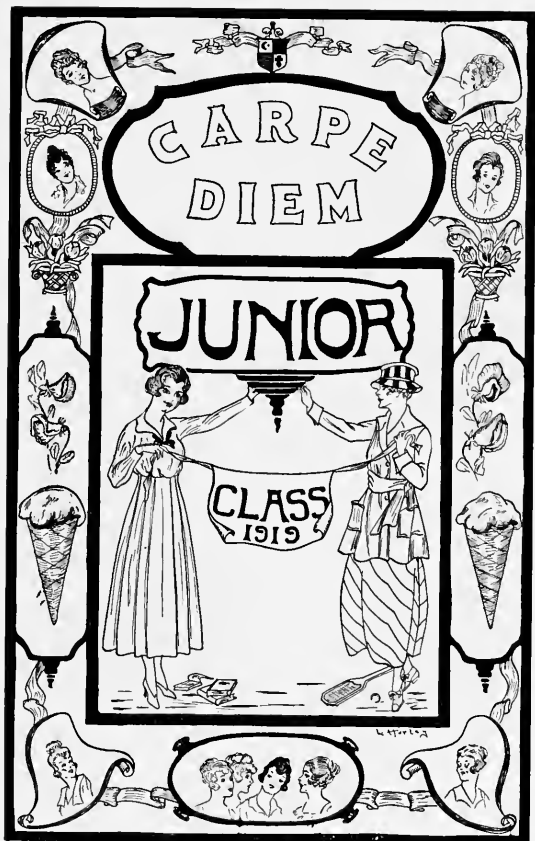
Nordica Club (2, 3); Capt. Walking
Squad (3); Tribunal I. L. S. (3)
Albemarle, N. C.



CARRIE McNEELY
E. L. S.; Nordica Club
Lake Toxaway, N. C.



LYDA NICHOLS
Tribunal E. L. S. (3); Cor. Sec. E.
L. S. (4); Message Staff (4)



THE ECHO

1918



ESTHER AYCOCK

Pantego

"Be sure you're right, then go ahead"

RUTH BELL

Belhaven

"To do well is to succeed"

LUCY BROTHERS

La Grange

"To be rather than to seem"

EDNA CAVENESS

Asheboro

"Say something, if you have to take it back"

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MABEL DAVIS

Laurinburg

"Make what you've got get what you want"

CARRIE ERWIN

Asheboro

"The life but speaks the true heart within"

ELIZABETH GIBSON

Laurinburg

"Give every man thy ear, few thy voice"

NELL GROOME

Greensboro

"If music be the food of love, play on"



THE ECHO

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CARRIE HARRIS

Oxford

*"Only fools complete their education; wise
men learn forever"*

ANNA HOLSHOUSER

Salisbury

*"If you can't say something good for your fel-
lowman, then say nothing"*

MYRTIE HUMBLE

New Bern

*"Where the stream runneth smoothest, the wa-
ter is deepest"*

MARY HUCKABEE

Albemarle

"Lizzie, look before you leap"

THE ECHO

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KATHERINE HUTTON

Greensboro

*"When Duty whispers love 'Thou must,'
The youth replies 'I can.'"*

ATTRICE KERNOBLE

Greensboro

*"Quickness of wit is often displayed by keep-
ing silent"*

ERNESTINE LAMBETH

Thomasville

"A fair exterior is a hoteling recommendation"

MARTHA MOORE

Snow Hill

"When in doubt, keep on talking"



THE ECHO

1918



JESSIE PILLOW

McLeansville

"Think twice before you speak"

LILLIE GAY SHAW

Weldon

*"Drink not too deep at the fount of knowledge,
lest ye strangle"*

MARY EXUM SNOW

Durham

*"Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it
will out at the casement; shut that, and it
will out at the keyhole; stop that, it will
fly with the smoke out of the chimney"*

VERDIE TROLLINGER

Burlington

"In upright, downright, honest girl"

THE ECHO

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GLADYS WHEDBEE

Corapeake

*"A girl of cheerful yesterdays and confident
tomorrows"*

AMMIE WILSON

Forest City

"Business first"

MARJORIE WORSHAM

Ruffin

*"Combined qualities of a lady and a great
athlete"*



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Junior Class Officers

ANNA HOLSHOUSER	<i>President</i>
VERDIE TROLLINGER	<i>Vice-President</i>
ESTHER AYCOCK	<i>Secretary</i>
ELIZABETH GIBSON	<i>Treasurer</i>
ERNESTINE LAMBETH	<i>Business Manager</i>
LUCY BROTHERS	<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>

MOTTO: "CARPE DIEM"

FLOWER: SWEET PEA

COLORS: RED AND WHITE

Junior Class History



ON SEPTEMBER 8, 1915, a crowd of Sophomores were strolling across the campus of G. C. W., gaily singing the latest popular song hit, "When you are a long, long way from home." Their merriment recalled to the three girls sitting at the foot of the pine tree fond recollections, which carried with them pangs of sadness, and suddenly they began to weep heartbrokenly. This agitation brought the song to an abrupt end, and the singers hastened to comfort the disconsolate ones. They were Freshmen, and in answer to sympathetic inquiries told the old, old story—Homesick.

The old girls immediately appointed themselves a committee on the whole to show these new ones around; they discovered ere long twenty-one unfamiliar people in college. These were piloted to the classification committee, and when the relieved "newish" proudly bore their cards from the room, they were again taken in hand. They were told not to worry over lessons, given a few instructions on "Darlings"—in fact widely informed on all subjects; for which information the unsophisticated ones were humbly grateful.

The older sisters were most kind, and the dear little girls did not realize they were being "rushed" for society. Then came the night of initiation, after which each maiden proudly bore away the colors of her choice.

The excitement over, the girls needed something to help them along in their new life; so the twenty-one new girls organized the Freshman class with Miss Elizabeth Derickson as President. Thus the present Junior band first began to consider themselves a vital part of the College.

In a few weeks, after our first meeting, we received an invitation which requested us to be dressed as little children on Saturday night, and a nurse (a Sophomore), would come to carry us to a party. On the appointed evening we met in the gym. where we had a delightful time playing in the sand-piles and dressing our dollies in real little-girl fashion.

Then came Field Day with all its thrills; the greatest was the joy of winning the basketball game from the Juniors. After that, time was winged and ere long came Christmas holidays—and the first home going.

January 2 found us back in College preparing for Exams., which we managed, in some way, to survive. After this storm and stress period, we finally settled down to the daily routine. Before this became too monotonous, a holiday dispelled our woes, and surely we appreciated Washington on that day more than ever before.

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When the year was nearly over, we held our last important Freshman meeting, and chose Miss Ernestine Lambeth as President for the coming year.

The spring term Exams. were looming up, but they caused us very little anxiety; we were too busy looking beyond them to commencement. The occasion was all we wished it to be. One of the most enjoyable events was the Alumnae play which gave us something of the history of the institution we were attending.

September 6, 1916—Again at our Alma Mater—not homesick this time but so glad to be back that it was impossible to refrain from giving expression to our joy and the song most on our lips was, "Dear G. C." Another outlet for our "Superfluous energy" was doing unto others as we had been done by; for weeks we were quite busy impressing the new girls with a sense of our importance.

Ah! then we saw an opportunity to make ourselves forever a thing of greatness in the eyes of the Freshmen. Remembering how seldom we were permitted to see "John" that first year in college we decided to dress as men when we entertained the Freshmen. Since men were mentioned in the invitations, each invited person was present on the eventful evening. The Sophs. proved to be truly a jolly bunch of flirts and succeeded in making the Freshies enjoy the novel experience.

The "wise ones" discovered, about this time, that if they were to keep up their "rep." they would have to get to work; so they did.

Next came Field Day; on this occasion the Sophomores starred in tennis.

The greatest event of the year was on February 14—when we were invited to a real Valentine party in town. Here we were served so many courses that we got back to the college Home barely in time to register. All went in to supper, but as soon as the blessing was asked rose in a body and marched out of the dining room. Thence we adjourned to the parlor to hold an uninterrupted social gathering while all the other girls were dining on *college fare*.

The Juniors entertained the Seniors on March 31 and kindly carried all the Faculty along to chaperone. On their return they discovered to their dismay that it was not wise to leave the younger children at home alone on the eve of April the first; for while the cats were away the mice *did* play.

Spring came again and sped swiftly away. Exams. over at last, and two years of our college course completed.

Gone are the days when we were Freshies; Sophomore wisdom too has forsaken us and we have come to the terrible realization that nothing will ever be exactly "As You Like It." Our English Prof. is altogether skeptical concern-

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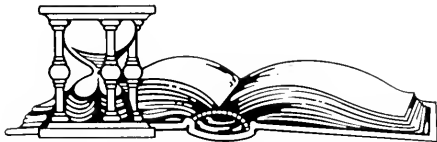
ing our studying; he thinks it truly "Much Ado About Nothing." Even though we work till the "Twelfth Hour" of the night, our themes are not what he wishes. That teacher of English III thinks all our work a "Comedy of Errors" and naturally after so much "Labor Lost" our resentment reaches a height that is nothing short of a "Tempest." However, about Exam. time, there was verily a "Taming of the Shrew"; for every Junior was busy "cramming." Cousin William himself did not know much more about the "Works of Shakespeare" than we when the testing came. Ah! here we saw an opportunity to give our Prof. "Measure for Measure." For two years we had been taking notes at such a rapid rate that we could hardly read them ourselves, after they were cold. In three hours' time, we were quite capable of thrusting upon him all the intelligence we had acquired. He received stack upon stack of illegible note books. No doubt they contained knowledge never before heard of. Our efforts were not all in vain for the entire English III class passed.

The cry of humanity was heard on all sides, and the Juniors, anxious to do their "bit," decided to give seventy-five dollars to the Students' Friendship War Fund. As a means of making the money we sell ice cream three days every week.

Mid-term Exams. over; for weeks the students attended nothing more exciting than lectures. The Juniors tiring of this monotony, and incidentally needing funds, planned a carnival. Truly every one renewed her youth that night, for all was youth, happiness, and gaiety. Ice cream cones, confetti and clowns were in abundance. The greatest attractions of the evening were the Freaks, Old Plantation Show, and the Fortune Teller who made a specialty of love affairs.

The Juniors believe in the three-fold development, and are not forgetting athletics. As we gradually approach the realm of dignity we no longer take a very active part in relay races, but in a less strenuous game, tennis, we have not yet been excelled and are still the proud possessors of the cup.

Three years of our college preparation are almost over; as we approach nearer the brink of life we wonder what the future holds in store for us.





Junior Class Poem

As Freshmen we knew little
Of the cares and trials of life;
All knowledge, wisdom—lacking,
Only fun and pleasures rife.
We were green and fresh and foolish,
We met cares with a grin;
A question mark, our symbol,
For we were Freshmen then!

But how we spread our knowledge
When Sophomores we became!
Infinite was our wisdom
And wide renowned our fame.
A scholarly appearance,
Great intellect within;
Even surpassing Solomon,
For we were Sophomores then!!

As Juniors we are wiser,
And we have more reserve;
We boast not of achievements,
Though boasting they deserve.
We're looking to the future
When our college shall endow
Each girl with a diploma.
We're Rising Seniors now!!!

SOPHOMORE





SOPHOMORE CLASS



Sophomore Class

NAOMI HOWIEPresident
MARTHA ADAMSVice-President
HELEN HOODSecretary
MAY ROBINSONTreasurer

MOTTO: PER ARDUA AD ASTRA

COLORS: SILVER GREY AND ROYAL PURPLE

FLOWER: ASTER

ATWATER, ANNIE MAE
AUSTIN, ELIZABETH
ADAMS, MARTHA
BUCKNER, BESSIE
COX, ELIZABETH
COX, MARY
COX, MARY LILY
CRAVEN, JOSEPHINE
DAVIS, LOUISE
DAVIS, NELL
ELLIOTT, LOUISE
ERWIN, BLANCHE
FAISON, MARIE
FOY, LOUISE
GRIFFIN, ANNIE
HARRIS, ELIZABETH
HOOD, HELEN
HOWIE, NAOMI
MASON, LILY NELSON

MILLER, MARY
MORRIS, MARTHA E.
MORRIS, LUCILE
MUSE, NELLIE
NICHOLSON, BERNICE
OWEN, BESSIE
PACKER, BETTIE
ROBINSON, MAY
SILLS, MADGE
SMITHWICK, ISEZ
STRICKLAND, MADELINE
TYSON, NANCY
VONCANNON, ETHEL
WARLICK, KATE
WHITE, NELLIE
WILSON, MARY
YOUNG, MABEL
YOUNG, MARIE



Sophomore Class History

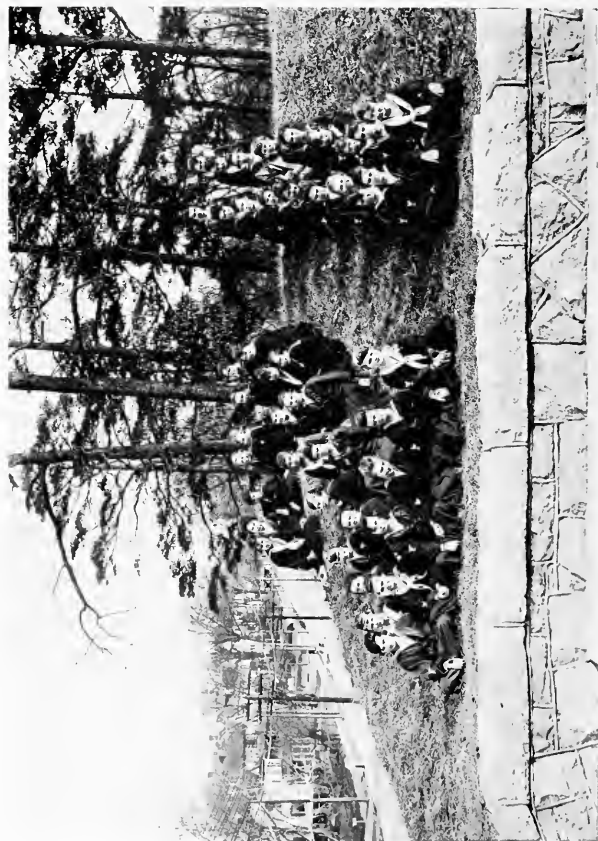
As all things have their beginnings, so also, did the Class of 1920, on the seventh day of September, 1916. On that particular day, the air was unusually fresh, and the campus unusually green—all so in keeping with the fifty little Freshmen who climbed the hill to the Castle of Knowledge, little knowing the mysteries, the sorrows, the joys, and the hopes that awaited them there. As for the first few days of our Freshman existence, little is remembered besides the usual siege of homesickness, going before the Classification Committee, and meeting our first Senior. Really, scores of other important events did take place, but our tear-dimmed eyes did not see. However, with the passing of the first month, our awkwardness partly wore off, the Sophomores ceased to stare at us in wonder, and unconsciously, fifty young Freshmen began a new era in their life-history. With the aid of the Seniors, we soon organized ourselves and elected Louise Davis as our President. Then followed an unlimited number of called class-meetings, for already had our ambitious souls begun to yearn to come into their own.

The first social function in our honor, needless to say, was given by the Y. W. C. A. Shall we ever forget that night, the second night after our arrival, when we paraded out to Fisher's Park? Shall we ever forget how we gazed at the stars with eyes dimmed by homesick-tears, the while trying to swallow ice cream cones, and bravely smiling through our tears? Next, we remember the society banquet with all the festivity of the evening, and with its well-spread tables which seemed to us as an oasis in a far-away desert. Then, Field Day, which we have an undisputed right never to forget, because it meant for us 22 points—the first time a Freshman class ever won. The next in importance came the Sophomore-Freshman party, when the "Sailor Lads," in their own words, "tried to win the hearts of the bashful little Freshman lassies." Then Thanksgiving! And a month later the Christmas holidays! The new year brought forth a new spirit, new tasks, and soon it was Field Day again, and again we came victoriously from the field. Then the spring holidays and once again, we were permitted to gaze upon the faces of mamma, papa, and John. The last and greatest feast of the entire term ended with the finals which beginning the 11th extended through the 23rd. And so ended our first our Freshman year, closing for some of us our literary distinction, opening for others of us a new path of glory, and leaving all of us the wiser, wisdom that would soon become necessary and intangible to our next title of distinction—"Wise Fools!"

So September brought us back again, transformed into Sophomores under the leadership of our new President, Naomi Howie. Seventeen of our number had dropped out, but our class was strengthened by the addition of Nellie Muse, Ruby Spencer, Blanche Erwin, and Mary Wilson—all enthusiastic workers. In order not to disappoint the Freshmen, we immediately assumed the responsibility of our inheritance, and for a while we walked about the campus as though we owned it, tried to make the Freshmen feel just how green they were, commented at all times, upon all things, upon the slightest provocation, and spent the remainder of the time writing themes for English II. However, we soon found out that Sophomore life was not all fun, and from then on, we have condescended to hang upon our doors a little card on which is printed simply: "Busy Please!"

This year, too, has brought its social functions and good times. In spite of war times, we enjoyed the usual society reception, a Y. W. C. A. social, several class entertainments, and our own masquerade party for the Freshmen. Field Day gave us still more athletic distinction, for we won twenty-five points, and statistics made one of our members the best athlete in school. This day also witnessed the birth of our class mascot—the Jabbawock. The latest and greatest social triumph was our party given to the Seniors, our sister class, on the night of February sixteenth which remained a profound secret till the very last, in spite of darkening clouds of fear caused by our half-sisters. All in all, the year has been one of success and promise. It has drawn us closer to love and friendship. It has given us delights intermingled with serious work and strenuous duties, and has created a bond of class unity that is likely never to be broken.





FRESHMAN CLASS



Freshman Class

ALDINE O'NEIL	President
LELIA HUMBLE	Vice-President
LUCILE JOHNSON	Secretary
WINNIFRED DAVIS	Treasurer

MOTTO: "HE CONQUERS WHO LABORS"

FLOWER: VIOLET

COLORS: BLUE AND GOLD

BAILY, EMMA
BARNES, HELEN HATCH
BARNES, MYRTLE
BETTS, GRACE
BOYD, LAURA
BROWN, MARGARET
BUNTING, MARGARET
BURT, MARY EXUM
CLEGG, LULA FAY
COLE, SARAH
CONRELY, AUGUSTA
DAVIS, WINNIFRED
DELANEY, WILHELMINA
DENNING, ELDINE
EDWARDS, IZETTA
EFIRD, GRACE
ELLEN, LUCY
FULLER, RUBY
HARRELL, MARY LOUISE
HARRIS, ANNIE
HARRIS, OHNA
HILL, ANTOINETTE
HINSHAW, BLANCHE
HOLT, SALLIE
HUMBLE, LELIA
JENKINS, SADIE
JOHNSON, LUCILLE

JONES, EMMA LEE
KEEL, GLADYS
KORNEGAY, ELSIE LEE
LANE, MARY LYALL
MCCRARY, HELEN
MCKEE, DOROTHY
MCNEELY, CARRIE
MARTIN, MARGARET
MERRITT, EGLANTINE
O'NEIL, ALDINE
PACKER, ELLA MAY
POINDEXTER, AMELIA
QUINN, LOUISE
RANKIN, SARAH
REA, ESTHER
RUSH, MARGARET
SAVAGE, FAYE
SHERWOOD, MARY
SOMMERS, NELL
STOKES, MARY
TAYLOR, RACHAL MAY
TODD, LUCILLE
TROUTMAN, CAREY
WEST, MAE
WINDLEY, THELMA
WOOSLEY, OLIVIA



PREPARATORY CLASS



Preparatory Department

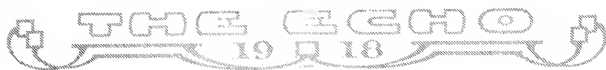
FLORENCE ADAMS <i>President</i>
HELEN BLACKWELL <i>Vice-President</i>
LORRAINE BURGESS <i>Secretary</i>
ANNIE LAURIE LOWRANCE <i>Treasurer</i>

FLORENCE ADAMS
MARY ALLEN
VALDA CROWELL
LAURA BALLANCE
JANET BAUGHAM
MARY BAXTER
HELEN BLACKWELL
ELIZABETH BOYD
URSULA BOYD
LORRAINE BURGESS
MAY CAMPBELL
MYRA CAVANAUGH
KATHERINE CURTIS
ELIZABETH FERGUSON
PAT FORRESTER
RUTH FULTON
MARIE GREGSON

NELL HOGUE
LUCY HARRIS
KATHLEEN IVIE
MARIE JACKSON
ROSE JONES
FRANCES JONES
ANNIE LAURIE LOWRANCE
ERNESTINE MATTHEWS
FLORA E. PORTER
ELIZABETH POWELL
ADDIE PRIDGEN
IRMA SHAW
MARGIE STRADER
JULIA LOUISE SYKES
MAUDE WEBSTER
BLANCHE WILKINS
MARION WILSON



BUSINESS CLASS



Business Class

ASHE, HELEN	MEDEARIS, SULA BEATRICE
AUSTIN, CARRIE	MEDLIN, MAYME LEE
BAILEY, ELIZABETH	MITCHELL, GENEVA ALLENE
BAXTER, ETHEL	MOSELEY, THERESA LILLIAN
BRANDT, LILLIAN	MOSELEY, MARY
COBB, BOBBIE	REECE, MARY
EASON, MAUDE	ROGERS, MARGUERITE
GILLIAM, ELIZABETH	ROBINSON, RUTH ESTELLE
GOUGH, ISLA	SHOAF, EUGENIA
HARDEE, CONTENT	STANLEY, ANNA BELLE
HINE, OLLIE	THOMAS, MARGARET
HINKLE, ANNIE LOUISE	TRIGDEN, ELIZABETH
JEROME, GRACE	TOWNS, EVELYN
JULIAN, JESSIE STEPHENS	TURNER, LUCY
McKAY, MARY CATHERINE	TURNER, JULIA
MARTIN, WINNIE	WALSER, MILDRED
MAY, ELIZABETH	WILLIAMS, RACHEL

WOOTEN, WILLIE MAE



ART CLASS



Art Class

FLORENCE ADAMS
HELEN BLACKWELL
LUCY BROCKERS
MARY EXUM BURT
LOUISE CLEGG
MYRA CAVENAUUGH
VALDA CROWELL
PAT FORRESTER

MARIE GREGSON
MRS. HARRY H. HAYES
ELSIE LEE KORNEGAY
VELMA PARIS
JEANNETTE PHOENIX
AMELIA POINDENTER
MARY REECE
ALMA SPARGER



SNAP SHOTS

Book Three



Organizations



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CATHERINE HUBBARD.....*President*
 MAURINE BRITTAIN.....*First Vice-President*
 JESSIE REEVES.....*Second Vice-President*

ELIZABETH DERICKSON.....*Recording Sec'y*
 CLAIRE HARRIS.....*Corresponding Secretary*
 MARGUERITE WILSON.....*Treasurer*

THE ECHO

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KATHERINE CONROYFitzgerald Hall House President
ELIZABETH GIBSONMain Building House President
MYRTIE HUMBLEHudson Hall House President
ANNIE LONGSenior Representative
CLAIRE HARRISSenior Representative
MARY EXUM SNOWJunior Representative
ANNA HOLSHOUSERJunior Representative
NAOMI HOWIESophomore Representative
MADGE SILLSSophomore Representative
ELLA MAE PACKERFreshman Representative

G. M. C. A.



THELMA DIXON
PRESIDENT



MARGUERITE WILSON
VICE-PRESIDENT



KATHLEEN CONROY
SECRETARY



JESSIE REEVES
TREASURER

THE ECHO

1918



D. W. C. A. Cabinet

THELMA DIXON	President
MARGUERITE WILSON	Vice-President
KATHLEEN O. CONROY	Secretary
JESSIE REEVES	Treasurer
ESTHER AYCOCK	Assistant Treasurer
ANNA HOLSHOUSER	Chairman Devotional Committee
ERNESTINE LAMPEETH	Chairman Social Committee
CARRIE ERWIN	Chairman Missionary Committee
HELEN HOOD	Chairman Social Service Committee
MARGUERITE WILSON	Chairman Membership Committee
JESSIE REEVES	Chairman Finance Committee
LUCY BROTHERS	Chairman Bible Study Committee
THELMA HARRELL	Chairman Music Committee
EDITH SWINNEY	Chairman Association News Committee
VIRTUE CAVINESS	Chairman Poster Committee
MARY EXUM SNOW	Chairman Publicity Committee



IRVING SOCIETY OFFICERS

MINNIE GARRETT	President
ELIZABETH MERRITT	Vice-President
ANNIE LONG	Secretary
LILLIE GAY SHAW	Treasurer
THELMA HARRELL	Censor
VIRGINIA GIBBS	Critic



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 AUSTIN, E.
 ADAMS, F.
 ASHE, H.
 BAILEY, E.
 BOYD, I.
 BAXTER, M.
 BLACKWELL, H.
 BURGESS, I.
 BOYD, E.
 BOYD, E.
 BAUGHAM, J.
 BOST, G.
 VONCANNON, E.
 COX, M. L.
 COLE, M.
 CRAVEN, J.
 CONROY, K.
 CAVINAW, M.
 CONNELLY, A.
 CLEGG, F.
 CAMPBELL, M.
 CROWELL, V.
 CROWELL, M.
 DAVIS, M.
 DAVIS, L.
 DAVIS, N.
 DIXON, T.
 DENNING, E.
 DELANEY, W.
 EASON, M.
 EDGERTON, I.
 EDWARDS, I.
 EPIRO, G.
 ELLEN, L.
 FAISON, M.
 FORRESTER, P.
 FOY, L.

FULLER, R.
 GARRET, M.
 GIBBS, V.
 GILLAM, E.
 GREGSON, M.
 GRIFFEN, A.
 GROOME, N.
 HARDEE, C.
 HARRELL, M. L.
 HARRELL, T.
 HARRIS, C.
 HARRIS, E.
 HARRIS, L.
 HARRIS, O.
 HENSHAW, B.
 HILL, A.
 HOOD, H.
 HUCKABEE, M.
 HUBBARD, C.
 HUMBLE, L.
 JEROME, G.
 JOHNSON, L.
 KEEL, G.
 LANE, M. L.
 LONG, A.
 MARTIN, M.
 MAY, E.
 MCCRARY, H.
 MCKEE, D.
 MEDLIN, M.
 MERRITT, E.
 MOORE, M.
 MORRIS, M. E.
 MORRIS, L.
 MOREFIELD, P.
 MUSE, N.
 NICHOLSON, B.
 OWEN, B.
 PACKER, B.

PACKER, E. M.
 PHOENIX, J.
 POINDESTER, A.
 PUTNAM, M.
 RANKIN, S.
 REA, E.
 REESE, M.
 REEVES, J.
 ROGERS, M.
 ROBINSON, M.
 RUSH, M.
 SAVAGE, F.
 SHOAF, E.
 SHAW, L. G.
 SHEPHERD, M.
 SILLS, M.
 SOMMERS, N.
 STEELE, C.
 STEVENS, J.
 STOKES, M.
 SPENCER, R.
 SYKES, L.
 TAYLOR, R. M.
 TEETER, B.
 THOMPSON, V.
 TROUTMAN, C.
 TURNER, L.
 TYSON, N.
 TOWNS, E.
 WALSER, M.
 WEST, M.
 WHEBREE, G.
 WHITE, N.
 WILLIAMS, R.
 WILSON, M.
 WILSON, M.
 YOUNG, M.
 YOUNG, M.



EMERSON SOCIETY OFFICERS

MAURINE BRITTAIN	President
VIRTLE CAVINESS	Vice-President
ERNESTINE LAMBETH	Secretary
LUCY BROTHERS	Treasurer
MARTHA ADAMS	Censor
ESTHER AYCOCK	Critic

THE ECHO

1918



Emerson Literary Society

ADAMS, M.
ATWATER, A. M.
AUSTIN, C.
AYCOCK, E.
BAILEY, K.
BARNES, G.
BARNES, M.
BANE, F.
BELL, R.
BRITTAIN, M.
BROCK, L.
BROTHERS, L.
BROWN, M.
BERT, M. E.
BUCKNER, B.
BUNTING, M.
CAVINESS, E.
CAVINESS, M.
CAVINESS, V.
COLE, M.
COBB, B.
COX, E.
COX, M. L.
CURTIS, L.
DAVIS, W.
DERICKSON, E.
DIXON, L.
DOUB, S.

ELLIOTT, L.
ERWIN, C.
ERWIN, B.
FULTON, R.
HARRIS, C.
HARRIS, A.
HATCH, H.
HINE, O.
HOLT, S.
HOLSHOUSE, A.
HUNBLE, M.
HOWIE, N.
JACKSON, M.
JONES, R.
JONES, E. L.
JENKINS, S.
KING, M.
KORNEGAY, E. L.
KERNODLE, A.
LAMBERTH, E.
LOWRANCE, A. L.
MASON, L. N.
MATHEWS, E.
MERRITT, E.
MCLOD, K.
MCNEELY, C.
MCMICHAEL, C.
MILLER, M.

NICHOLS, L.
O'NEIL, A.
PARIS, V.
PASCHELL, F.
PILLOW, A.
PILLOW, J.
PRIDGEN, A.
QUINN, L.
RANKIN, F.
SHAYENDER, G.
SHERWOOD, M.
SHAW, O.
SILER, V.
SMITHWICK, I.
SNOW, M. E.
STRICKLAND, M.
SWINNEY, E.
TODD, L.
TROGDEN, E.
TROLLINGER, S.
TROLLINGER, V.
WARLICK, K.
WEBSTER, M.
WINDLEY, T.
WILKINS, B.
WOOTEN, W. M.
WILSON, M.
WILSON, A.

THE ECHO

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Dramatic Club

VIRGINIA GIBBS	President
ANNIE GRIFFIN	Vice-President
CARRIE HARRIS	Secretary
CHARLOTTE McMICHAEL	Treasurer

MAY WOOD BALLOW
 SARAH COLE
 ELIZABETH COX
 MARY LILY COX
 LOUISE DIXON
 WINNIFRED DAVIS

INEZ EDGERTON
 ATTRICE KERNOLLE
 ELIZABETH MAY
 MARGARET MARTIN
 NELLIE MUSE
 LUCILLE MORRIS

MARTHA EVELYN MORRIS
 MARY FRANCES RANKIN
 SARAH RANKIN
 BLANCHE TEETER
 RACHEL MAE TAYLOR
 MARIE YOUNG

THE ECHO

1918



Members of Nordica Club

First Sopranos

Bessie Buckner
Thelma Windley
Flossy Denny
Ruby Spencer
Elsie Lee Kornegay

Charlotte McMichael
Maurine Brittain
Sadie Trollinger
Miss Pegram

Mrs. Sykes
Bessie Owen
Bobbie Cobb
Carrie Erwin
Virtle Caviness

Second Sopranos

Gladys Keel
Louise Elliott
Dorothy McKee
Florence Adams
Ernestine Lambeth

Bernice Nicholson
Margaret Bunting
Lucy Turner
Laura Boyd

Elizabeth Harris
Martha Adams
Lilly Nelson Mason
Annie Griffin
Elizabeth Austin

Altos

Sadie Jenkins
Miss Ward
Miss Weber

Miss Chasten
Nellie Muse
Annie Laurie Lowrance
Myrtle Caviness

Mary Huckabee
Mary Louise Harrell
Inez Edgerton

THE ECHO

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Glee Club

NELLIE MUSE
MAURINE BRITTAIN
BERNICE NICHOLSON
MILDRED WALKER
LUCY TURNER
MARTHA ADAMS
LILY NELSON MASON

MARY LOUISE HARRELL
BESSIE OWEN
BESSIE BUCKNER
ANNIE LONG
RUBY SPENCER
FLORENCE ADAMS
CHARLOTTE McMICHAEL

DOROTHY MCKEE
ERNESTINE LAMBETH
ELSIE LEE KORNEGAY
THELMA HARRELL
BLANCHE ERWIN
LOUISE ELLIOTT



G. C. W. Auxiliary

Greensboro Chapter American Red Cross

JESSIE REEVES	Chairman
MARY EXUM SNOW	Secretary
HELEN HOOB	Treasurer
VIRTLE CAVINESS	Supervisor of Sewing
ANNIE MAE ATWATER	Assistant Supervisor of Sewing
VIRGINIA GIBBS	Supervisor of Knitting
ANNIE HARRIS	Assistant Supervisor of Knitting

THE ECHO

1918



Quill Club

MADGE SILLS *President*
 MARY LILY COX *Secretary*

Mrs. Siler
 Claire Harris
 Catherine Hubbard
 Elizabeth Merritt
 Maurine Brittain
 Renbe Alley

Kathleen Conroy
 Annie Long
 Mary Exum Snow
 Naomi Howie
 Mary Exum Burt
 Mary Lily Cox

Madge Sills
 Ethel Von-Cannon
 Margaret Martin
 Helen McCrary
 Mary Shepard
 Letha Brock



THE BROWNING CLUB



THE ORGAN CLUB



SCHOOL OF MUSIC



School of Music

ADAMS, F.
BARNES, G.
BOYD, E.
BOYD, L.
BOYD, U.
BRITTAIN, M.
BUCKNER, B.
BUNTING, M.
CAMPBELL, M.
CAVANAUGH, M.
CAVINESS, V.
COLE, M.
CONROY, K.
CONE, MRS.
CRAVEN, J.
CROWELL, M.
DAVIS, S.
DAVIS, N.
DAVIS, M.
DAWSON, M.
DENNING, E.
DENNY, F.
DONNELL, M.
DUNN, M.
ELLIOTT, L.
ELLEN, L.
EDGERTON, I.
EFIRD, G.
FAISON, M.
FORRESTER, P.

FOLK, D. D.
GIBSON, E.
GROOME, N.
HARBELL, T.
HARBELL, M. L.
HOWIE, N.
HOLT, S.
HOLSHOUSE, A.
HARRIS, O.
HARRISS, E.
HALL, F. B.
HINE, O.
HUTTON, K.
IVIE, K.
JENKINS, S.
JONES, R.
KEEL, G.
KORNEGAY, E. L.
KING, M.
KINSWORTHY, P.
LANDRETH, M.
LEE, B.
LOWRANCE, A. L.
MCKEE, D.
MCMICHAEL, C.
MCLEAN, N.
MAXWELL, E.
MEADOWS, M.
MENDENHALL, D.
MOOREFIELD, P.

MORRIS, M. E.
MORRISON, M.
MOSELEY, M.
MUSE, N.
NIVEN, L.
PRIDGEN, A.
POINDENTER, A.
PARKIN, J.
PENNEL, N.
PENRY, E.
PUTNAM, M.
RICKS, MRS.
ROBINSON, M.
SCOTT, MRS.
SHEPARD, M.
SHOAF, E.
SILER, V.
SNOW, M. E.
STEPHENS, R.
STRICKLAND, M.
SYKES, MRS.
TROLLINGER, S.
TROLLINGER, V.
TURNER, L.
WARLICK, K.
WINESKIE, A.
WOOD, F.
WORSHAM, M.



THE ECHO

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Guitar Club

President

Vice President

Secretary

Treasurer

Member

Member

Book Four



Athletics



MARJORIE WORSHAM
President



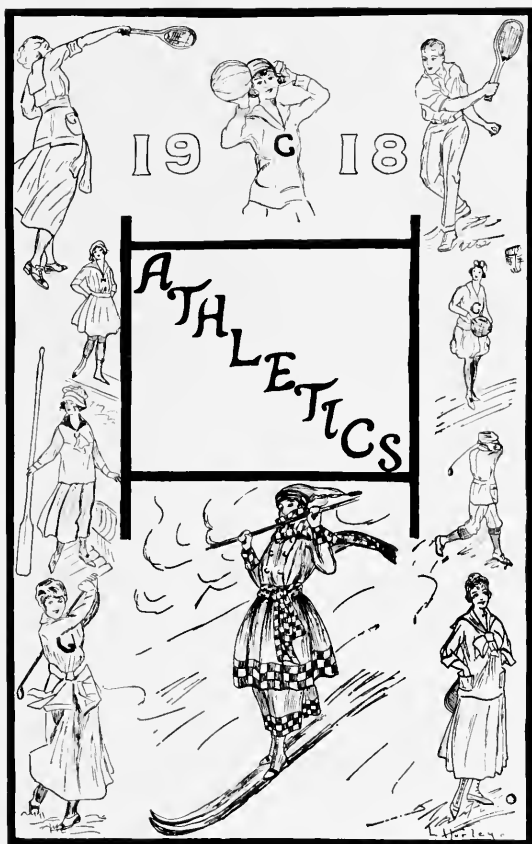
ERNESTINE LAMBETH
Vice-President



VERDIE TROLLINGER
Secretary



LOUISE DAVIS
Treasurer



THE ECHO

1918

The Year in Athletics



WITH the coming of the spring of 1917, the interest in athletics was unusually strong, and under the following officers: Grace Osborne, President; Ruth Barden, Vice-President; Maurine Brittan, Secretary, and Marjorie Worsham, Treasurer, the plans for Field Day were mapped out under the general supervision of Miss Clark. While much praise is due the Association Officers, Miss Meredith Clark stood foremost in the work and,

"To her belongs all praise and honor
That our tongues can raise."

April 23, 1917, was appointed Field Day and as the event approached great was the excitement. On the morning of that memorable day each girl came forth at 6:30 "with a shining morning face" to witness the tennis doubles between the Sophomores and Freshmen. The score 6-1, does not begin to tell the tale. It does not begin to show the superiority of the Sophomores, Finstein and Worsham, over the Freshman team. In the singles the Sophomores were also victorious, Finstein winning over Bowen with a score of 6-2 and 6-3.

The victory of the Seniors over the Freshmen, in basketball, was perhaps due to their dignity. The victory of 19-7 was won so easily that it seemed like taking candy from a baby; but when the points of the various classes were added up it was found that the aforesaid "babies" headed the rest. Morris won first place for the Freshmen in the circle dash; Burton, Senior, took the second place, while Musgrove won the third for the Sophomores. In running for grace and ease the Seniors took the lead Bruton carrying away first honors. Harrell won first place in walking for grace and ease for the Juniors. "Freshie" Morris did the best vaulting, so running up the score of the Freshmen. In the relay race they were also successful, and were the proud winners of the banner which Professor Nicholson gracefully presented them.

The next feature was the beautiful scene of crowning Miss Nell Davis as May Queen. Following this was a number of folk songs and dances and this ended the program of the day.

For the school year 1917-18 the association launched out under a new set of officers: Marjorie Worsham, President; Ernestine Lambeth, Vice-President; Verdie Trollinger, Secretary, and Louise Davis, Treasurer.

During the weeks preceding November 20, 1917, the tennis and basketball courts were filled with girls practicing for Field Day, and every afternoon the track team practiced for about an hour. The "gym" classes were not to be left out and each class was kept busy practicing folk dances. For several nights before Field Day any unusual noise was attributed to some class "spirit" and if a girl was so unfortunate as to hear any of these sounds, she

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tried immediately to lose herself in slumber, lest some unfriendly spirit should glide in and trouble her with an unwelcome visit. At last the day dawned cloudy and cold, but there was no rain and the arranged schedule was carried out. The Seniors began by winning the tennis doubles from the Juniors by a score of 2-0. The Seniors playing were Hubbard and Brittain, the Juniors, Worsham and Holsbouser.

The basketball game was next, in which the Sophomores won over the Freshmen by a score of 24-6. No doubt the presence of the Jabberwock, the Soph's animal, aided them. He was a huge animal, quite large enough to frighten the Freshmen who had only left home about two months before.

The tennis singles took place amid much rooting, ringing of bells and blowing of horns. The Sophomores felt called upon to uphold the record they had made in basketball, but the Juniors had a say so in the matter and Worsham (Junior), triumphed over Spencer in a very close game.

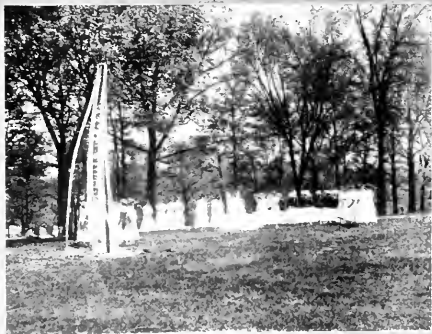
In walking for speed, Erwin (Sophomore), won; Reeves (Senior), following close upon her heels. Morris, (Sophomore), acknowledged to be the best all round athlete was voted the best vaulter, Hubbard (Senior), the next and Snow, (Junior), third.

In walking for grace and ease Harrell won the first place for the Seniors and Lambeth the second for the Juniors. The Freshmen came out victorious in the circle dash. Humble ran for the Freshmen; Brittain, Senior, won second place and Faison, Sophomore, won third; Lambeth, Junior, won the first place in running for grace and ease. Brittain and Long winning second and third place for Seniors.

The Sophomores won the relay race, the Freshmen coming second. Fortune, a friend of the Jabberwock, must have been favorable to the Sophs. for when the points were added the Sophs. had 25, Seniors 21, Juniors 18, Freshmen 13.

The drills by the different gym. classes were all good but the judges decided the flag drill to be the best. Thus ended the 1917 season. To our officers, our coach, our players all praise is due.

"All Hail to the May Queen"



"The Queen and Her Maids"



FIELD DAY, 1917



WEARERS OF THE "G"

BASKET- BALL



L. H. H. H.





FRESHMAN BASKETBALL TEAM



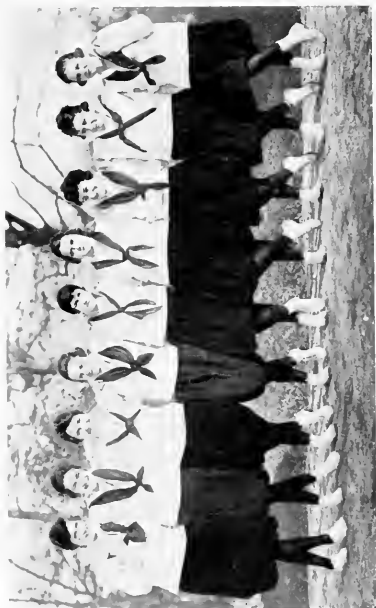
SOPHOMORE BASKETBALL TEAM
Champion Fall, 1917



TRACK TEAM



FIRST PLACE WINNERS



WINNERS ON FIELD DAY

TENNIS





SENIOR TEAM



JUNIOR TEAM



SOPHOMORE TEAM



FRESHMAN TEAM



Field Day, April 23rd, 1917

Hurrah for the Freshmen! The highest honors of Field Day have again been carried off by the Freshman class, the number of points which they won being 29. They won first place in the dash, relay, and vaulting, and several second and third places added to their points.

To the Seniors fell the most desired victory of all—basketball. They can graduate now with peaceful minds, for their team has shown what it can do. They also deserve special mention in vaulting, running and walking.

The Juniors took first place in walking, both for speed and grace and ease.

The Sophomores directed all their energy to tennis, in which they carried off first place in both singles and doubles. Their player, Bessie Finestein, has held the championship for the entire year.

The heroine of the day, regardless of class, was "Freshie" Morris. She broke all records in running, as well as distinguishing herself along most of the other lines.

Field Day, November 24th, 1917

"Beware the Jabberwock, my child!" The Sophomore class, inspired by their class animal, a huge purple Jabberwock, won the largest number of points on Field Day. The Seniors, their sister class, made the second place in points, doubtless due to the fact that the Jabberwock allowed them to rub his head, but the Juniors and Freshmen, being out of his favor, were rather unfortunate.

A very beautiful and enjoyable feature of the day was the folk dances. As a climax to the dances of other nationalities came the flag drill, which was adjudged the most artistic.

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"How Games are Won"

Oh '18! Oh '18!
Oh '18! Oh '18! Oh '18!
1920 sings to you,
1918.

* * *

The Sophs are i-i-n-e line,
In every i-i-n-e line,
And they're going to make it every t-i-m-e time,
We love them b-e-s-t best
Of all the r-e-s-t rest,
And while we're near them
We're going to cheer them.

* * *

To the Faculty
Of old G C
G C, G C, G C!
Class '19.

* * *

"Cheer, Cheer for 1920
Watch those girls play!
We'll show those Freshmen
They've no chance today!
The truth you'd better be sure of it,
Pass the ball along girls
Pile up the score!
And with those Freshmen
Wipe up, wipe up the floor!"

* * *

Hickety back;
Rickety rack!
I tell you what
We're a lively pack
At the G C W

* * *

Row, row, row your boat
Cheerily up the stream,
Seniors, Seniors, Seniors
Life is not a dream

THE ECHO

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Oh the grand old '20 team
Made up of players five,
And when those players start to play
They show you they're alive—
And when they win, they win
And when they've won, they've won,
And when they chase around the field they're only just begun.

* * *

Oh the Jabberwock is crazy but we know how to tame him,
Oh the Jabberwock is crazy but we know how to tame him,
Oh the Jabberwock is crazy but we know how to tame him,
He's crazy to bet up your team

Rah, Rah!

The Jabberwock licks but he will not lick your hand,
The Jabberwock licks but he will not lick your hand,
The Jabberwock licks but he will not lick your hand,
He'll lick up your wonderful team.

* * *

Here's to Siler, Siler, Siler
By the Alley, Alley, Alley
And she's Stern, Stern, Stern
For Hurley, Hurley, Hurley
Here is Curtis, Hopper, Clark
Bates and Browning, Tuthill, Brock,
Hall and Gaskins they are fine.
Rah! Rah! for Turrentine,
Lahser, Caldwell, Chasten, too,
Ward and Weber, you're true blue,
Daub and Pegram on the run
Three cheers for Robertson,
Hamilton and Franklin, too,
Porter, Nicholson—and we're almost through. Why? Cause
Perhaps you think there's another verse?
Perhaps you think there ain't—
Perhaps you think there's another verse—
But there ain't.



STARTING THE RACE



SOPHOMORE RELAY TEAM

Book Five



The College Year



Senior Honors, 1917

Summa Cum Laude

MIGNON SMITH

Magna Cum Laude

LETHA BROCK

MYRTLE BRUTON

GAYNELL CALLAWAY

FRANCES FARRELL

ELLEN JONES

MARGUERITE TUTHILL

ZUNG WE TSUNG

Degrees Conferred

A. B.

TEMPERANCE AYCOCK

RUTH BARDEN

LETHA BROCK

SARAH LEE BROCK

MYRTLE BRUTON

GAYNELL CALLAWAY

SALLIE RUTH CHAPPELL

LILLIAN COZART

FRANCES FARRELL

LOUISE FRANKLIN

ILA HARRELL

ELEANOR HORTON

ELLEN JONES

EDELWEISS KING

GRACE OSBORNE

RENA PERRY

BESSIE PULLIAM

MIGNON SMITH

MARGUERITE TUTHILL

GRACE WALLACE

B. M.

ZUNG WE TSUNG



Marshals

Derickson, Elizabeth, *Chief*
 Alley, Rebekah
 Brittan, Maurine
 Caviness, Myrtle

Conroy, Katherine
 Curtis, Luella
 Dixon, Thelma
 Garrett, Minnie

Harrell, Thelma
 Harris, Clara
 Hubbard, Catherine
 Long, Annie Richard
 Wilson, Marguerite

Merritt, Sara Elizabeth
 Keetes, Jesse
 Register, Mattie
 Trollinger, Sadie

THE ECHO

1918

Statistics

Best All Round	Catherine Hubbard
Most Popular	Maurine Brittain
Prettiest	Minnie Garrett
Most Attractive	Nellie Muse
Cutest	Mildred Walser
Sweetest	Kathleen Conroy
Most Striking	Nellie Muse
Most Graceful	Virginia Siler
Most Musical	Thelma Harrell
Most Dependable	Catherine Hubbard
Most Original	Mary Exum Snow
Most Sincere	Catherine Hubbard
Most Energetic	Maurine Brittain
Best Athlete	Lucille Morris
Best Sport	Ruby Spencer
Jolliest	Sarah Cole
Neatest	Betty Packer
Smartest	Elizabeth Merritt
Most Sentimental	Claire Harris
Greatest Chatterbox	Blanche Teeter
Typical Freshman	Aldine O'Neil
Typical Sophomore	Madge Sills
Typical Junior	Myrtie Humble
Typical Senior	Catherine Hubbard



Most Dependable Most Sincere
Best All Round



Most Popular
Most Energetic



Most Striking
Most Attractive



Smartest



Most Musical



Prettiest



Sweetest



Most Graceful



Most Original



Best Athlete



Greatest Chatterbox



Best Sport



Cutest



Most Sentimental



Neatest



Jolliest



Typical Freshman



Typical Sophomore



Typical Junior



Typical Senior

Year's Work of the Students Association



THE BEGINNING of the fall term of the year 1917-18, the Students' Association of Greensboro College found itself facing a grave responsibility, that of successfully launching student government.

The President of the Association, with the co-operation of a temporarily appointed Student Council, the Executive Committee of the Association, and an advisory committee from the Faculty, worked long and hard to frame a constitution for student government. A satisfactory document was finally framed, and was adopted March fourth.

In the meantime, the Association busied itself with other affairs. Early in the fall the students enthusiastically organized an auxiliary to the Greensboro Chapter of the American Red Cross. This was done following a called meeting of the Association, which was addressed by representatives from the Greensboro chapter. Mrs. D. Blair, and Mrs. H. D. Blake. Our Second Vice-President, Miss Jessie Reeves, was made chairman of the organization and she has kept the girls working busily, knitting, sewing, and making bandages.

On October 22nd the Association presented a Liberty Bond of \$100 denomination to the college, to be added to the endowment fund.

When the matter of food conservation became so strongly agitated the Association immediately passed resolutions to the effect that it would co-operate with the Government in saving food, especially sugar, fats, and flour. That these resolutions were more than mere idle words was proved when, after some months of trial, the Treasurer of the college came before the students to report the result of their effort. Among other interesting items, he said that they had saved per month 400 pounds of white flour, 355 pounds of pork, and 169 pounds of fat.

The celebration of George Washington's birthday by the Association this year differed widely from those of former years. Instead of an entertainment, a great number of students spent the morning in making bandages and compresses for the Red Cross.

Altogether 1917-'18 has been a busy, happy, and profitable year. Here's to 1919!



Calander of Events for 1917-1918

1917

September 5 } Wednesday and Thursday,
September 6 }
Entrance Examinations and Classification.
September 5—Wednesday, 9:00 o'clock a. m.,
Fall Term begins.
September 7—Friday, 8:30 o'clock a. m.,
Recitations begin.
November 24—Saturday,
Field Day.
November 29—Thursday,
Thanksgiving Day—Holiday.
December 20—Thursday, noon,
Christmas Recess begins.

1918

January 10—Thursday, 8:30 a. m.,
Recitations are resumed.
January 17-24—Mid-year Examinations.
January 22—Tuesday, 4:30 o'clock p. m.,
Fall Term ends.
January 23—Wednesday, 8:30 o'clock a. m.,
Spring Term begins.
February 22—Friday,
Washington's Birthday—Holiday.
March 28-April 2—Thursday, noon, to Tuesday, 8:30 a. m.
Spring Holiday.
April 27—Saturday,
Field Day.
May 23-31—Final Examinations.
June 2 } Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday,
June 3 }
June 4 } Commencement Exercises.



Y. W. C. A. Calendar

April 1, 1917—April 7, 1918

1917

- April 1—Installation of new cabinet. Service conducted by Dr. Turrentine. Talks made by the old and new presidents.
- April 5-10—Easter Holidays.
- May 20—Commencement Sermon by Rev. Barnhardt, the Presiding Elder.
- May 22—School closed.
- June 1-10—Annual Student Conference at Blue Ridge. Greensboro College for Women was represented by an earnest delegation.
- August 5-10—Letters sent to prospective students to welcome them to our Association and college.
- September 4—School opened.
- September 5—The Y. W. C. A. began its regular work with the morning watch service.
- September 6—The President of our Association conducted a Service of Welcome to the new girls.
- September 8—Reception given by the Y. W. C. A. in honor of the new students.
- September 9—The first Y. W. C. A. service of the semester in which the President and her Cabinet presented the work of the Association and its relation to the world movement.
- September 30—Regular missionary meeting conducted by Miss Carrie Erwin, Chairman of the World's Fellowship Committee.
- October 4—Our President, Miss Sadye Trollingier, found it necessary to give up her office on account of her health.
- October 7—Recognition service; for which the beautiful and significant Candle Service was used.
- October 11—Miss Thelma Dixon was elected President of the Y. W. C. A.
- October 14—A message from the Old Testament was brought to us by Mrs. Robertson.
- October 21—"The Tragedy of the Half-Done Task," by Rev. Clyde Turner of the First Baptist Church.
- October 27—Patriotic Social in the gymnasium led by Miss Virginia Gibbs, representing America and Miss Nell Davis representing a Red Cross nurse.
- October 28—Miss Scales, Student Secretary from the State Normal College, made an earnest appeal in behalf of the Student Friendship War Fund; and Dr. Thoburn of Montclair, New Jersey, who is now working at Camp Greene, told us of the life of the soldiers and also talked about the War Fund Campaign. Nearly \$800 was raised by the student body as a result of the meeting.
- November 1-3—Dr. Abby V. Holmes of the National Board of the Y. W. C. A. gave us three very helpful lectures on "Social Morality."
- November 4—Dr. Meyers of the First Presbyterian Church gave us an interesting talk on "The Strength and Weakness of Peter."
- November 11—An interesting as well as instructive song service was led by Mr. Bates and Mr. Hurley.

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- November 17-19—Miss Kennedy, who is at the head of the Sunday School Department of the Methodist Church, South, assisted us in organizing a Sunday School Conference. It was the first Sunday School Conference in the world to be held in a college. Miss Kennedy talked to us on three subjects: "Round Table Talk on an Organized Class," "Expectancy" and "The Outgrown Shell." This Conference was very inspiring and deepened the spiritual life and thought of the college.
- November 25—A splendid talk on "World Wide Missions" given by Attorney T. C. Hoyle.
- November 29—Miss Margaret Flenniken, Student Secretary of the Y. W. C. A., led the evening service and gave us a most thoughtful and earnest talk on "The Inter-racial Question."
- December 2—Miss Fuess, a visiting deaconess of our church, brought the students an appropriate message on "Finding Your Place."
- December 6—The regular semi-annual business meeting was held by the Cabinet.
- December 9—One of the most impressive services of the semester, conducted by Mrs. Siler.
- December 16—Christmas service was held in the chapel which was very prettily decorated for the occasion. A beautiful and appropriate programme was carried out.
- December 20—Christmas holidays.

1918

- January 10—The Spring Term opened.
- January 27—Mrs. S. L. Alderman and Miss Hennerly gave us an eloquent appeal to join the Patriotic League.
- January 31—Dr. Little, who is head of the Industrial School for Negroes in Louisville, Ky., talked to the student body on "The Negro Problem of the South," which he illustrated by means of halopticon pictures. The result of this meeting was the formation of seven classes studying "Negro Life in the South."
- February 3—Rev. Mr. Plyler of Centenary Church gave a delightful talk on "Woman; Her Great and Noble Mission."
- February 20-26—The Annual Series of Services, conducted by Dr. Bain, Dr. Turrentine and Mrs. Siler, influenced and intensified the spiritual life of both students and faculty.
- February 25—Dr. Usher, a physician just returned from Turkey, made a most eloquent appeal in his talk on "The Need of Missionaries in Turkey."
- March 7—Election of officers for the year 1918-1919. President, Miss Carrie Erwin; Vice-President, Miss Carrie Harris; Secretary, Miss Verdine Trollinger; Treasurer, Miss Elizabeth Gibson.
- March 10—Mr. James Lowell Murray, of New York city, who had been holding a Student Volunteer Convention at Elon College, gave a most influential talk on "Missions and the Real Meaning" of Missions.
- March 15—Miss Carrie Erwin, the newly elected President of the Y. W. C. A., deemed it necessary to resign her office on account of her health. Her resignation was accepted, and Miss Anna Holshouser was elected President.
- March 22—Greensboro College Day was celebrated, at the close of which Mr. Kerr, who has just returned from France, gave us a most interesting talk on "Over There."
- April 4—Regular semi-annual business meeting of the Association.
- April 7—Installation of officers.



Social Calendar

MARCH 1, 1917 - MARCH 31, 1918

- March 6—Seniors entertained by the Alumnae at Mrs. Watlington's.
- March 9—Junior-Senior Sunday School class of West Market Street Church entertained by Judge and Mrs. Wyllie.
- March 14—Intersociety Debate.
- March 15—Juniors and Seniors in piano entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Browning.
- March 17—Senior English classes and voice department entertained by Messrs. Hurley and Bates.
- March 20—Alumnae Reception.
- March 31—Seniors entertained by Juniors at dinner at the Country Club.
- April 12—Reception at Country Club given by the Chamber of Commerce for the G. C. W., and the Normal girls, and the U. N. C. boys.
- April 23—May Day. Junior festivities around class tree.
- May 19-22—Commencement.
- September 8—Y. W. C. A. Reception for new girls.
- September 14—Reception for G. C. W. and Normal girls given by West Market Street Church Sunday School.
- October 13—Sophomore-Freshman party in the gymnasium.
- October 20—Irving-Emerson Literary Societies' Reception.
- October 24—Liberty Day. Chapel exercises conducted by the Seniors. Liberty Bonds presented to college.
- October 27—Y. W. C. A. Social.
- November 17-19—Sunday School Conference.
- November 24—Field Day.
- December 10—Edward Morris' Recital. Reception for Morris given by the Browning Club.
- February 9—Junior Carnival.
- February 11—Seniors entertained by Sophomores at a Valentine party.
- February 22—Patriotic celebration.
- February 23—Y. W. C. A. Chinese Social.
- March 12—Faculty play. Faculty entertained by Domestic Science II.
- March 16—Sophomore Stunt.
- March 23—Seniors entertained by Mrs. Alley and Miss Caldwell.



Program

<i>Recess</i>	CUDUS ANIMAM (from Stabat Mater) "SAVIOUR, BREATHE FORGIVENESS O'ER ME!" Mr. Bates
<i>Chorus</i>	WALTE—Op. 70, No. 3
<i>Lect</i>	GISEMENREIDEN Miss Gaskins
<i>Mind & White</i>	TO MART
<i>MacFarlen</i>	INTER NON
<i>Campbell-Tipton</i>	THE CRYING OF WATER
<i>Carolyn F. Stearns</i>	"WHAT IS THERE HID IN THE HEART OF A ROSE?" (First presentation in Greensboro) Mr. Bates
<i>Debussy</i>	LA FILLE AUX CHEVEUX DE LIN
<i>Sibelius</i>	VALSE TRISTE
<i>Baermans</i>	ETUDE—Op. 4, No. 10 Miss Gaskins
<i>Clough-Leigher</i>	POSSESSION Mr. Bates
<i>Samt Kana</i>	CONCERTO—Op. 101 (First movement) Miss Gaskins

Greensboro College for Women

Greensboro, North Carolina

SAMUEL B. TURRENTINE, President
CONRAD LANSER, Director



Tuesday, November 20th, 1917

8:30 Evening

Faculty Recital

GIVEN BY

MISS MARJORIE GASKINS, *Pianist*
MR. BENJAMIN BATES, *Tenor*
MISS CAROLYN STEARNS, *Accompanist*

SCHOOLS OF MUSIC AND EXPRESSION

Greensboro College for Women

Greensboro, North Carolina

SAMUEL B. TURRENTINE, President
CONRAD LANSER, Director
MEREDITH CLARK, Director



Faculty Recital

GIVEN BY

MEREDITH CLARK, *Reader*
AGNES HALL CHASTEN, *Pianist*
CAROLYN V. STEARNS, *Accompanist*

Tuesday Evening, December 4th, 1917, at 8:30 O'clock

Program

Thomas Bailey Aldrich	CANTATA A Pastoral
Robert W. Service	YOUNG FELLOW, MY LAD
Debussy	PRELUDE, IN A MINOR Piano
George Eliot	MILL ON THE FLOES "Burke Alving by the Tide"
MacDowell	CONCERTO, IN D MINOR HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY—No. 8 Piano
George Eliot	MILL ON THE FLOES "The Last Goodbye"
MacDowell	CONCERTO, IN D MINOR First movement With accompaniment of second piano Piano

FACULTY RECITAL

Greenboro College for Women
Greenboro, North Carolina

SAMUEL B. TURKENTINE, President
CONRAD LANSER, Director



Monday, November 12th, 1917
8.30 Evening

Faculty Recital

GIVEN BY

MISS CAROLYN V. STEARNS, Pianist
MR. ROBERT L. ROY, Violinist
MISS MARJORIE GASKINS, Accompanist

Program

Bach ITALIAN CONCERTO, FIRST MOVEMENT
Miss Stearns

Chopin MAZURKA—Op. 28

Kreisler RONDO (on a Theme by Beethoven)
Mr. Roy

MacDowell SONATA TRAGICA, FIRST MOVEMENT
Miss Stearns

Leonard GRANDE FANTAISIE MILITAIRE—Op. 16
Mr. Roy

Debussy HOLLYWOOD'S CAME WALK

Cyrl Scott TWO PIERROT PIERRES, No. 1, LENTO

Walling SUITE MODERNE, FAREWELL
Miss Stearns

Program

Mendelssohn TWO SONGS WITHOUT WORDS
Folk Song
SHEDDING BOND
Chopin ETUDE—Op. 10, No. 12
Piano

Anonymous "HAVE YOU SEEN BUT A WHITE LILY GROW"
(From 16th and 17th century songs)

Percell I ATTEMPT FROM LOVE'S SICKNESS TO FLY
NIMPHS AND SHEPHERDS
Soprano

Leachinsky LES DEUX ALOUETTES
Moskowsky CAPRICE ESPAGNOL
Piano

Brahms VERGALICHES STANDCHEN
Hermann SCHLAFKLIEDCHEN
Lemoine VOUS DANSEZ, MARQUISE
Mozart ARIA FROM HERRSCHER
Soprano

Browning THE MELANCHOLY JESTER—Op. 4, No. 1
(CONTRADICTION—Op. 4, No. 2)
Piano

Zembalet A REVERAY
Barleigh JUST YOU
Cateridge-Taylor SIX LAST MOON
Foster ONE GOLDEN DAY
Soprano

Greenboro College for Women

Greenboro, North Carolina

SAMUEL B. TURKENTINE, President
CONRAD LANSER, Director



Tuesday, November 27th, 1917
8.30 Evening

Recital

GIVEN BY

MORTIMER BROWNING, Pianist
PAULINE ABBOTT-BROWNING, Lyric Soprano

FACULTY RECITAL

Junior Recital

IN PIANO
GIVEN BY
MISS FLOSSIE DENNY, Piano
(Student of Mr. Koenig)
ASSISTED BY
MESSES MARIE YOUNG AND VIRGINIA GIBBS
(Students of Mr. Koenig's Class)

Program

Mozart	Fantasia
Miss Florine Denny	
Fern - Miss Mearns and William Green Hall	
CHORUS THE GYMNASIUM	
Miss Marie Young	
Feld	NOTTEUR, IN D FLAT
Federbach	MELODY
Miss Florine Denny	
Anton Dahan	THE CALIF AND THE CALIF
Miss Virginia Gibbs	
Wolfehaupf	ETUDE, IN A FLAT

Program

Junior Recital

Thursday Afternoon, May 3rd, 5 O'clock

MISS VIRTUE CAVINESS, Piano
(Student of Mr. Koenig)
MISS FLOSSIE DENNY, Voice
(Student of Mr. Koenig)

Beethoven	SONATA—Op. 10, No. 2 (First movement)
Miss Caviness	
Chamade	SPANISH LOVE SONG
Miss Denny	
Chopin	PRELUDER—Op. 28, Nos. 20 and 7
Mozart	FANTASIA, IN D MINOR
Miss Caviness	
Rogers	THE STAR
Campbell Tipton	A SPIRIT FLOWER
Miss Denny	

Greenboro College for Women

SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Greenboro, North Carolina

SAMUEL S. THOMPSON, President
COURTAD LAMER, Director



Monday, May 14th, 1917, 8:30 O'clock
COLLEGE CHAPEL

Graduating Recital

MISS WE TSUNG ZUN, Piano
(Candidate for the B. M. degree)
(Student of Miss Cookman)

ASSISTED BY
MR. ROBERT LAUDWIG ROY, Violoncello
MISS MARJORIE CASKINS, Accompanist

Program

Beethoven, Ludwig van 1770-1827	Sonata—Op. 109 First Movement Soprano and Violoncello
Miss Zung	
Sarasate, Pablo de 1844	ZIGZAGGING WEDDING (Hippay AHW)
Mr. Roy	
Debussy, Claude Achille 1862	SECOND ARABESQUE
Schubert, Franz Peter 1797-1828	HARK! HARK! THE LAKE
Liszt, Franz 1811-1886	Miss Zung
Kreuder, Fritz 1875	SPANISH DANCE
Mr. Roy	
Mozart, Wolfgang Amadeus 1756-1791	CONCERTO, IN D MAJOR (First movement)
Miss Zung	
Miss Cookman, Harp and Piano	

Greenboro College for Women

SCHOOL OF MUSIC

DEPARTMENT OF READING AND PUBLIC SPEAKING

Greenboro, North Carolina

SAMUEL S. THOMPSON, President
COURTAD LAMER, Director
MELBA CLARK, Reading and Public Speaking



May 10th, 1917, 8:30 O'clock
COLLEGE CHAPEL

Graduating Recital

MISS EMMA PILLOW, Piano
(Miss Marygro Cookman, Teacher)

AND
MISS ELEANOR HORTON, Reader

Program

Beethoven	SONATA—Op. 27, No. 2 (Allegro, Andante Allegretto)
Miss Pillow	
Browning	A TUNE
Miss Horton	
Mendelssohn	PRELUDER, IN E MAJOR
Miss Pillow	
O'Hara	BY CUCKER
Miss Horton	
Chopin	PRELUDER—Op. 28, Nos. 1, 14, 11, 5, 9
Miss Pillow	
Kaphay	MANDALAY
Miss Horton	
Schumann	FAVORITE—Op. 2
Miss Pillow	
DuLena Collins	ON THE SIMPLE PINE (From "No. Thompson's")
Miss Horton	

STUDENT RECITAL

Work with Numbers 10

THE ECHO

1918

The Hoodoo

A FACULTY FARCE—CHARACTERS

Brighton Early	Benjamin Bates
Billy Jackson	Leonard Hurley
Professor Solomon Spiggot	D. F. Nicholson
Hemachus Spiggot	Mr. Wilkinson
Mr. Malachi Meek	Mortimer Browning
Mr. Dun	Conrad Lahser
Miss Amy Lee	Meredith Clark
Mrs. Perrington-Shine	Annie Pegram
Gwendolin Perrington-Shine	Agnes Chasten
Dodo DeGraft	Eugenia Franklin
Mrs. Ima Clinger	Flora B. Hall
Angelina Clinger	Lucile Morris
Miss Dorris Ruffles	Marjorie Gaskins
Mrs. Somiramis Spiggot	Letha Brock
Eupepsia Spiggot	Linnie Ward
Miss Longnecker	Minnie Hopper
Lulu	Carolyn Sterns
Aunt Paradise	Elizabeth Webber
Four Little Spiggotts	Borrowed for the Occasion

"Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow"

(SOPHOMORE STUNT, MARCH 16, 1918)

Dr. Turrentine	Blanche Erwin
Mr. Curtis	Helen Hood
Mrs. Siler	Mary Louise Harrell
Miss Pegram	Marie Faison
Miss Clarke	Myrtle Barnes
Mr. Alley	Madge Sills
Mrs. Nicholson	May Robinson
Mr. Hurley	Ethel VonCanon
Mr. Bates	Ruby Spencer
Mr. Browning	Madeline Strickland
Miss Weber	Louise Foy
Miss Gaskins	Lucille Morris
Miss Clark	Mary Lily Cox
Miss Chasten	Bernice Nicholson
Miss Stearns	Elizabeth May
Miss Tutthill	Nell Davis
Mr. Lahser	Carrie McNeely
Miss Hall	Naomi Howie
Miss Franklin	Elizabeth Austin
Miss Hopper	Elizabeth Harris
Miss Porter	Inez Smithwick
Miss Caldwell	Mary Sherwood
Mrs. Robertson	Martha Adams
Lucy Robertson	Lily Nelson Mason
Miss Wilson	Ernest Denning
Miss Hamilton	Bessie Buckner
St. Peter	Carrie McNeely
"West"	Kate Warlick
Essie	Louise Davis

"Life of 1917"

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Culture	Ila Harrell
Elsie Leonora Cunningham	Marguerite Tuthill
Patsy	Grace Wallace
Corinne Thomas	Eleanor Horton
K. D. Kellam	Myrtle Bruton
Ethelyn Dusenbury, or "Duse"	Kena Perry
Helen	Gay Callaway
Jaue	Edelweiss King
Katherine	Kuth Borden
Mrs. Warner	Louise Franklin
Miss Sherwood—Nell	Temperance Aycock
Peg	Sallie Ruth Chappell
Nita	Bessie Pulliam
Alice	Lillian Cocart
Mrs. Dean	Sara Lee Brock
Miss Thornley	Letha Brock
Martha Doolittle, or "Doolie"	Grace Osborne
"Dot" Briding	Mignon Smith
"Frank"	Ellen Jones
Briggs Oldcastle	Frances Farrell
We Tsung Zung	W'e Tsung Zung
Louise	Louise Franklin

"An Open Secret"

GIVEN BY THE CLASS OF '18

Madge Apthorpe, a school girl	Maurine Brittan
Jean, her room-mate	Jessie Reeves
Mrs. Apthorpe, her mother	Catherine Hubbard
Grace Apthorpe, her sister	Reube Alley
Elinor	Thelma Harrell
Edith	Kathleen Conroy
Carrie	Elizabeth Merritt
May	Marguerite Wilson
Kate	Claire Harris
Agatha Meade, not in the secret	Edith Savinney

"Rebelle"

SENIOR STUNT, APRIL 6, 1918

Democracy	Myrtle Caviness
Columbia	Annie Long
Pleasure	Maurine Brittan
Fashion	Thelma Harrell
Wealth	Sadye Trolinger
Belgium	Claire Harris
Belgian Child	Mattie Register
France	Elizabeth Derickson
Russia	Lucy Curtis
England	Reube Alley
Lusitania	Thelma Dixon
Red Cross Nurse	Kathleen Conroy
Red Cross Knitter	Marguerite Wilson
Farmerette	Elizabeth Merritt
Food Conserver	Minnie Garrett
American Soldier	Jessie Reeves
American Sailor	Catherine Hubbard



GREENSBORO COLLEGE GIRLS OF EIGHT DECADES





1838



1848



1858



1868



1878



1888



1898



1908



1918



JUNIOR CARNIVAL



SOPHOMORE PARTY

Book Four



Literary and Publications



The Charm of the Impossible

Perhaps the kind Fates when they planned the world
Eons and eons ago,
Resolved of each wonder revealed unto man
To give him but part to know.

 This they planned of the things they made,
 And this of the heart of man:
A spark they placed in the heart of man,
A bit of eternal fire;
The will to do and the will to know,
The lure of the unattained.

 This is the magic fire that leaps
 And flames on an altar in Heaven;
And this is the magic fire that leaps
And flames in the heart of man.

Why do the Fates reveal but half?

 Ah! Capricious Fates are they.
They bid us seek with hearts unstained;
To search by a taper light,
They bid us follow a vision pale,
To find it beckoning still.

 This is the gleam that has led the world
From the ages of darkness to light.
This is the gleam that has freed the world
By giving to truth its might.

Catherine Hubbard, '18

What is Constancy in Love?

Love is either an accident or an unfortunate state of mind. To promise constancy in love is to promise continuance in that state of mind over which the will has no control. It is never an honest promise, it is merely an honest hope. Love comes and goes; no man can stay it and no man is its prophet. Coming unasked, sometimes undesired, often unwelcome, it goes without reason, without logic, as inexorable as its cause, governed by those laws which no man has yet understood.

ANON

* * *

The Truant Lovers

'Twas almost dusk, and in the distance the flaming colors of the sunset slowly changed to paler hues. A soft, gentle breeze stirred the green and yellow boughs, and sifted the odor of the sumac's bloom in the fresh spring air. Butterflies winged silently and gracefully in the spectral shadows, and a thrush sang his evening song from the lilac bushes. One by one the myriad stars appeared in the fading west, and flecks of white clouds began to float and to rise to infinite heights. Somewhere in the distance a cow lowed and little bells tinkled; and clearly there came the deep toned golden chimes of the nearby college chapel bell. There seemed to be a gentle tranquility, abundance, and unfolding of nature over every thing for the mere sake of love, youth and spring.

Most vivid in this glorious picture, however, were two young lovers, plainly silhouetted against the paling west. Tenderly she leaned against him, tenderly he caressed and received her to his manly bosom, but still *more* tenderly did *I* stand upon the uncertain twigs and tangled branches for *I* was an eaves-dropper—a thief! Long had I stood there and watched them—but dull would be the soul that could pass by a sight so touching in its majesty. She seemed so young, he so sturdy, both so truant and unaware of the spying college-president. The evening, the spring, the golden sunset, *all* seemed made expressly for this amorous pair and there came to my mind Tennyson's lines:

"In the Spring a livelier iris
Changes on the burnished dove;
In the Spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love."

As the night breeze grew cooler, she drew closer to him, he enfolded her in his arms, and their lips touched. Carefully, I leaned nearer to catch their whispered vows of eternal love, and then—a fatal twig broke under my foot, so frightening the loving pair of robins that they flew away, leaving *me* alone in the darkness of the gathering night.

MARY LILY COX, '20

THE ECHO

1918

Life's Angled Cup

Emily Allen Siler

Said Joy, "I claim this child as mine,
And she shall never borrow
Your ashen robes in which to walk
By your side, thorn-crowned Sorrow.
I'll thrill her voice with gladness sweet
And fill her eyes with shining,
Till all that look and all that hear
Shall banish their repining."

"Nay, Sister Mine," sweet Sorrow said
In accents soft and steady,
"The hero souls in earthly life
Who help God make things ready,
Are those who clasp hands close with me
In days when heaven is hidden,
And, deep, deep taught of Pain the Strong,
Go forth to bless unbidden."

"Let us together teach this child
That life hath deepest meaning
To him who yields himself to Love,
And moves straight through the seeming
Tangled maze of human years
A-bearing Love's high story,
Till Joy and Sorrow blend as one,
And earth catch heaven's glory."

* * *

Freed

Emily Allen Siler

Against my bars I beat my wings—
The day how long!
Something within me sings and sings—
Alas my song!
I mind the wide, wide fields of air;
I know the lift of winds out there—
Alas my bars!

But now I sing, and in my song
I move the opal sky along;
I skirt the tracery of cloud
That makes the dying day's fair shroud.
The bars no longer mine, forgot,
I see them, feel them, heed them not—
Mine sun and stars!

* * *

Lines

I was tired with the day and its worry—
The never ending claim of this and that—
So I went into the woods, and there I lost
Myself within the answer of it all

I sat beside a dark and rocky pool,
Black as the weary memory of my day,
And looking deep into its gloomy heart
I saw it held the image of the sky.

Senior Quill Club

Mobbing Day at G. C. W.

"Oh, look at that dress!" cried Mildred, "You'll ruin it. Why! the very idea of throwing rubbers all over a white evening dress."

"Well, I can't help it," gasped Helen as she frantically threw a chafing dish in the trunk, on top of the offending rubbers. "Didn't you hear Mrs. Siler say that the trunks would be carried to the new building immediately after breakfast? Oh, my! There's that eight-thirty bell now. I'll have to go on class and—Oh! where *did* I put my trunk key? Why don't you help me find it? I know I shall go crazy if— Why, here it is right in the key-hole of my trunk."

"Good-bye," and Helen rushed to her class while poor Mildred groaned as she continued neatly to pack her trunk.

In fact, Helen's excitement was well grounded. This was a great day in the annals of old G. C. W.

"Are you going to take a cut today, Myrtie?" asked Mildred as she hurried to Mrs. Siler's office to get permission to take hers.

"Cuts! What for?"

"Silly—to move of course."

"M-o-v-e," she slowly repeated as the meaning of the word dawned upon her. "Well, I reckon I am. I have just been wondering how I would get all my things over there. Mildred, you're a bright kid anyway."

As they neared the Dean's office they heard her speaking in clear, firm tones to the girls who had congregated around her desk.

"My dears, this is entirely unnecessary. No cuts whatsoever can be taken today in order to give you time to move."

"But-er-er," chimed in Marie.

"I am sorry, dear, but I can not allow such foolishness. Now go to your classes and move this afternoon. This is Monday and you have the whole afternoon. It would be useless to have any more time."

Thus dismissed the girls reluctantly went to their respective classes. However it was decided that the moving should begin after lunch. They hurried through lunch, and instead of loitering in the halls, as they usually did, they rushed to their rooms, pulled penants from the walls, dumped toilet articles in waste-paper baskets, threw the "last minute" articles into a trunk which had been packed for days—had it not been so heavy it would probably have been pulled by feminine hands all the way across the campus, up the steps, and into the pretty rooms in the new building—searched the closet for anything which might have been forgotten, and rushed back and forth in wild confusion.

In the midst of the hurry and tumble, a masculine figure stalked into the hall.

"Is this trunk ready?" he asked stopping before 213.

"Oh-o-o no. I forgot to put in Mary's picture, and this box of rouge. Please wait a minute—here are just oodles of things I thought were in there long ago," said Helen to the somewhat impatient janitor.

By this time other girls had picked up bundles of things, and started over to the new dormitory. Elsie Lee with two hats thrown on her head, dresses around her neck, a chafing dish under one arm was helping Madge carry a window box, while Madge under her free arm carried a blue-bird screen. Further down the hall was Blanche. In her arms she carried a huge box, and one might have supposed it was a new-fangled music-box by the sounds it was producing, but it was only the perfume bottles, the cold cream jars, and the other beautifiers clashing together. Rushing down the steps at break neck speed, Mary passed the other girls.

THE ECHO

1918

"That's about the fattest girl I ever saw. Who in the world is she?"

"Shep," someone replied.

"Never—too big!"

"Well I reckon it is me too," replied Mary who was now down the steps; "I couldn't carry all these dresses and coats so I thought the best way would be to put them on."

Tumble, tumble, tumble—a laundry bag rolled down the steps.

"Here—there—please stop that bag. All my pictures and everything are in it, and they will be broken to pieces," wailed Lelia as she saw her beloved bag roll on and on until it reached the bottom.

"If I ever have to move again I'm going to leave school," moaned Nellie who was struggling under the burden of two suitcases in one hand, a wicker chair in the other, and two sofa pillows balanced on her head.

When this "moving carnival" reached the new dormitory some one upon second floor yelled "there's a mouse."

Terror stricken, each individual threw down her bundle, and sought the highest place in reach. Scattered lay the unnoticed treasures of the different girls—so near and yet so far from "being moved."

MARGARET MARTIN, HELEN McCRAE

* * *

Silence

Are there times in your life when you wonder
Whether life is worth living at all?
When your every step seems a blunder
And progress is blocked by pride's wall?
Do you question the Infinite Power
In selecting the tests you must meet?
In the pressure of each heavy hour
Does the solace of silence seem sweet?

Are there days fraught with infinite measures
Of yearning for things held so dear?
In the center of heart's rarest treasures
Does a distasteful image appear?
When the world all around you lies dreaming
And the tumult of action doth cease.
To your mind, with its poignant thoughts teeming,
Does the solace of silence bring peace?

Junior, Quill Club



A Lucky Mistake

FRED MORTON stopped suddenly before a huge stone house numbered 584,684. "Now that sounds like the number to me, but—hang it all! why can't people have decent house numbers that one can remember five minutes?"

"I've a great mind not to try any longer to find out where that aunt of mine lives. I don't care if she is worth a million dollars and expected to die soon, 58684—58463—dog gone it! I'm going to take a chance at this being the right place. If isn't, I guess I'll find out soon enough."

Thus Fred Morton raved, while trying to remember the long number on the house where his aunt lived. He took off his hat and smoothed his hair, which was damp with perspiration, then pulled out a colored silk handkerchief and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. He next pulled his vest down and pushed his coat, slightly back in order to show off a new "frat-pin"; shook both legs violently to get the crease back in his trousers. He would have given one the impression that he was an ardent lover ready to visit his fair one with the question all formed.

Morton marched up the steps and rang the dorr bell as if he was ringing at the Golden Gate and expected to be turned away immediately.

Instantly from within shouts arose. Before Morton could turn and run. The door was flung open and four children ran out and pulled him inside, dancing and jumping in a most excited manner.

"Cousin Fred, we thought you'd never come, why we've waited and waited. Where is mother? Oh, I forgot she was to go on to the reception. Come right on in."

With these words the oldest one pulled him into a sitting-room, and told him to sit down. They would come back in a little while to show him their playthings.

Poor Morton was perfectly astounded. He could not get a chance to ask them who they were nor any of the other questions a fellow likes to ask when he isn't sure of himself. As the children ran out, the following thoughts came to him. "Where am I? Why the children? Mother did not say there were any children. They called me Cousin Fred, and that's what I'd be to her children. My name is certainly Fred, I haven't forgotten that. What have I got myself into?"

While such thoughts were running through Fred's mind, a slight rustle made him look up. That which greeted his anxious eyes made him forget instantly that he had a thing in the world to worry about.

A beautiful girl, the very prettiest Morton had ever seen—surely the prettiest in the world, he thought. She had on a lacy pink dress, which made her look like a fairy, sent down by the Goddess of Love to take his troubles away. Such eyes! She seemed to look down into his pounding heart; and yet there was a mischievous twinkle about them. She was smiling and the pearl white teeth showed between two of the rosiest lips he had ever seen.

Morton took all these things in, and many more, at one glance. To tell the truth he was hypnotized. But a few minutes later he realized that he was acting more like one escaped from a lunatic asylum, than a much adored quarter-back on Fischer's Varsity football team.

"I—er—a—believe there's some mistake," he said, wanting to kick himself all the while for acting such a fool.

"No, I don't guess they wrote you about me. I came home from college unexpectedly and I guess they just mentioned the ones that were to be at home. I think it's so odd that we've never seen each other before, don't you?" She accompanied this little assuring speech with a most bewitching smile which made Morton care little whether he was in the right or wrong place. At any rate it was the right place for the time being.

"You know, I thought you were a good deal older. You see mother said you were a Senior at Fishers and engaged to Irene John, but you don't look like an engaged man to me at all."

THE ECHO

1918

Morton realized now that there was some one else named Fred who was expected. He ought to explain it all and get out right away. It gave him a sinking feeling about his heart. He knew he did not want to do it, and there came a great temptation to carry it on out to the end. He yielded.

They sat on the davenport and were soon engaged in conversation about their colleges. She knew some girls who were real good friends of his, and some of his frat-mates were beaux of some of her very best friends. They were so interested in discussing the last love-affair of Henry Long's, and how the boys had cured him of it, that they did not hear a car stop in front of the house nor even the door bell ring. It was the third ring, very long and rather impatient, which finally brought them back to earth. Poor Morton hit with a thud for he remembered that he was acting the part of a lucky cousin who was probably ringing the door bell at the instant.

Clotilde jumped up and ran to open the door. Morton looked around for some way of escape. It was too late.

"Hello, Cousin Clotilde, I suppose this is you. My train was four hours late, just my rotten luck of course. Your mother left the chauffeur to bring me up, and she went on to a reception." "What in the world is the matter with me?" were the words which fell upon the ears of the other Fred, awaiting his doom inside. What should he do?

"But Cousin Fred has already come. I don't exactly understand. Come here Fred and see what is the matter with this man."

Morton went. His knees were playing "Home Sweet Home," and his head felt as if it were spinning around at the rate of forty-five miles per hour.

"Great Scots! are you the one?"

"Why, hello there, old Mort, you look sick. I am the same Fred Madden that I was before you left and please explain why you are calling on my fair cousin, and never breathed to me that you knew her."

Morton had hopes now. He swallowed hard three times and said, "Come on in here and I'll try to explain it all."

Clotilde had a very puzzled look on her face. She did not understand it. "And you aren't my real cousin at all, and I've been sitting up here talking to some one I don't even know! Mercy on me what would Mrs. Siler say?"

"No de—M'am, you see I'm not your cousin Fred, but that Fred over yonder is the lucky fellow. You would not give me a chance at first to find out whether it was a mistake or not. Then after I found out, I didn't care to tell you because I knew I'd have to leave. Really it wasn't my fault, my name was Fred and I was looking for an aunt of mine; the children and then you seemed to be expecting me."

"Well, such a mix-up. I guess it was my fault though, I always do draw conclusions too quickly. I can't say I'm sorry it happened, for I have had a grand time."

Cousin Fred threw back his head and laughed an understanding laugh.

"Well, little cos, he's a pretty nice fellow. You see his pin, do you not? That brands him O. K. I really believe all this happened rather—er, providentially, I might say."

Morton blushed, not at the compliment, nor the other part of the speech, but rather at the idea of how the boys up at Fischers would tease him about such an episode.

"Well I'd better leave you two cousins here together and move on," said Morton.

"No, please stay," the other two pleaded.

"Yes I must go on and find that aunt of mine. I've changed my mind about not wanting any of that million dollars." (The last remark was made to himself).

He received an invitation to come again and it is needless to say that he did go quite often. As a result when Clotilde went back to "G. C. W." she had a much prized frat-pin to show her friends.

Lelia Humble, '21



From the Diary of the Quill Club

Sunday, January 13.

A cold thirteenth of January! Well, I should say so. The mercury falling down, down to infamous depths of the depravity. I envy the polar bear, not his environment, but his skin. Yet in this bright sunny room whence one looks out upon trees in naked integrity lifting grateful branches toward a blue, blue sky, one is almost ashamed to be warm and comfortable when countless men, women and children contend with nature's inhospitality and may find it hard to believe in infinite love.

A good many girls are staying from church today, and some teachers. Those who risk slippery streets for duty's sake will doubtless have their reward in warmed hearts and uplifted spirits.

A girl in Fitzgerald Hall reports a water pipe burst in her room and hot water flooding the floor. "What a waste of hot water," exclaimed some in the Main Building who have no early prospect of hot water at all, owing to Jack Frost's holiday freaks with the pipes. Alas! for the ravages of civilization upon man's primeval independence!

The morning paper tells of a snow-bound Chicago with no trains operating and passengers in the station sleeping on their baggage. Colder still the news from Russia: the Bolsheviki yielding to the German pressure and entering upon parleying for peace separate from her allies who followed her into this war. Ugh! what a shiver the great Russian bear gives one with his mingled rage and helplessness!

I oftentimes wonder what God thinks of his world. I do know that he loves it and I thank him for that.

We have a memorial service tonight for Dr. Byrd. I've been thinking much about him today. Among all the tributes paid him from many sources I know of none more beautiful than the closing sentence in an article in *The Asheville Times*: "Farewell, friend of man! It has been good to walk along the road a bit beside you."

E. A. S.

Monday, January 14.

When I opened my eyes this morning, I realized that this was Monday morning and that the week's work was beginning in dead earnest. There was not a moment to think what to do first; only time to rush through a hasty toilet and bolt to breakfast. Examinations are upon us. Not simply peeping around the corner but bearing down upon us with the passing of each moment. Physics—nothing can compare with my dread when I think of it. If I pass this course I shall never worry about anything else. I go to sleep at night to dream I am a bubble slowly rising in my bed of sulphuric acid, while my head aches with my increasing volume. Yet a gleam of comfort has come to me for the Ouija board

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predicts that I shall pass. What pleasures it has brought to us! With our sympathetic touch and persuasive words it entertains comforts and whiles away the dreadful moments.

To our questions concerning the weather, war and other people's lovers it answers with equal swiftness, while we hang over it at first doubtful, then between two opinions, finally when it tells exactly what we wish we become fully converted. If it tells the truth about physics I will become a believer, if not as the poem goes:

"Nothing can make it,
and the Devil take it."

M. M. B.

Tuesday, January 15.

January the fifteenth could not be called very different from the other days at Greensboro College. As to the weather, it has been cloudy and cool. The recitation bells rang as usual, there was no startling news from the outside world, no one fainted, and not a single khaki-clad figure was seen striding up the walk. But I did see a girl do an act of kindness, I did see some one helped over a rough place by a sympathizing hand, and I heard some sisterly advice given and gladly accepted. And did I not hear a girl call another "snobbish" and the so-called snob turn around smiling and the two walk off as friends? I am sure things happen every day and that one need not search very hard to find some one helping another. Today I have learned of the many little acts done right here in our college that bring the joy of making someone else happy.

M. S.

* * *

Do it Now

Today cries, "My wings are swift.
Is there work? A load to lift?

Do it now.
For tomorrow brings its task
Big, insistent, all to ask;
Do it now.

Is it hard? Thank God 'tis so—
Thus to hero height you grow;
Do it now.
A shrinking, shirking, coward soul
To the future pays full toll,
Do it now.

Just the moment you begin,
A sense of power is born within;
Do it now.
Though no drum beat, yet 'tis true
Victory's on the way when you
Do it now."

E. A. S., Quill Club

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Freshman Class Song

Mary Frances Rankin '21

(Tune, Yankee Doodle)

O we're a bunch of Freshman girls.
And a lively bunch, you see.
We came this year, from far and near
To work at old G. C.

CHORUS

Hurrah for Freshman girls; hurrah!
We're bright you must admit;
When e'er we sing our Freshman song
We're sure to make a hit.

We're working and we're trying hard
To take the Sophomores' place.
And if the Juniors don't watch out
We'll make them run a race.

Oh yes you call us college "babes."
Wee Freshman is our name.
But you just wait a few more years—
We'll change our name to Fame.

Sometimes the very smallest things
Are to be feared the most.
Dear Seniors take this gentle hint—
Do anything but boast.

Bill Shakespeare says a candle small
Sends far its tiny beam
And so we Freshmen brightly shine,
Though slightly green we seem.



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Sophomore Class Song

Madge T. Sills

(Tune—Arkansas)

We're the class of nineteen and twenty
Half a hundred strong we stand,
And we're striving to bring added honor
To our College, the best in the land;
Our bands and our hearts
In loyalty we bring,
And ere the hour departs
Thy praise and fame we sing;
With the strength of our youth we pledge to thee
Homage from the Sophomores.

CHORUS

Sophomores, Sophomores,
How we love you;
"Through work to the stars" we're true,
Under "silver and purple" united,
Our devotion we here renew.

Dear class of nineteen and twenty,
Band of girlhood, true and pure,
Loyal will we be forever
To ideals that must endure;
Our work well done
Will make each day a song;
To every call of right
We'll answer clear and strong;
With joyful hearts we'll hail thee
Through all the coming years.



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Junior Class Song

Mary Exum Snow

(Tune: Joan of Arc)

Hurrah for the Juniors,
Hurrah for the Juniors,
Come give a cheer for our class.
Our class is loyal,
Our college royal,
Faithful and true is each lass.
Our hearts are courageous,
Our spirit's contagious,
J—U—N—I—O—R—S!!

CHORUS

Junior class, Junior class,
Do your best, leave the rest, and you'll win;
To our country we are ever true,
To our college we are loyal, too.
Junior class, Junior class,
Let our Alma Mater dear
Inspire us through each coming year;
Junior class, good-luck to you!





Alma Mater

(Words by L. B. Hurley; Music by B. S. Bates)

Thou who gave us dreams unnumbered,
Thou who gave us life unknown,
Thou who waked us as we slumbered,
Took us wholly as thine own;
Thou who gave us cherished memories,
Friendship's fire to bless each day,
Claimed us as thy own dear children,
To thee our debt we thus would pay.

CHORUS

Fairest, fairest Alma Mater,
Long our song shall rise to thee,
As we pledge our deep devotion,
Thy name shall ring from sea to sea.

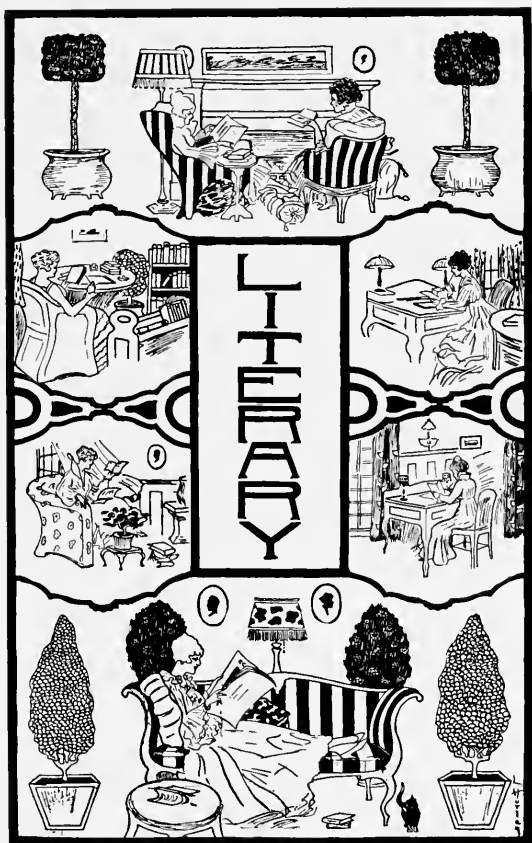
Thou whose fame shall live forever.
Noblest champion of truth,
Naught from thee our hearts can sever—
Guide and guardian of our youth,
Still the harmony is ringing
Over valley, hill, and plain,
Loyal children still are singing,
Singing forth the glad refrain.

* * *

In regard to the Junior's poetic
Ability—don't think it pathetic
At all. This is only a "startment."

For poems athletic,
Love couplets aesthetic,
Just turn to the Humor Department.

MARY EXUM SNOW, '19





THE ECHO STAFF



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THE MESSAGE STAFF



The College Message

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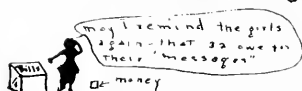
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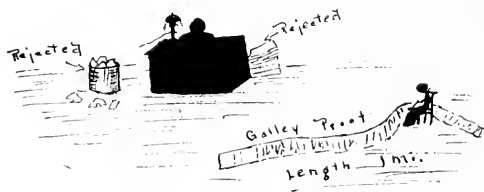
Making the Dummy



Getting "Ads"



Business Managers
Have Their Troubles





A Typical Day in Typical Slang.

After making myself comfortable for the tragic denouement of my dream, the
Just when I had turned over for the finis of my ghastly nightmare the
clanging sound of the bell rung by Daniel, the Janitor, caused my dream to be
howling screech of the stimulator rung by Dan, the African Parrot, put a
something of the past. Hastily arising, pulling down the
caboose to my merriment. Flinging my 150 A.v. from its couch, doing a Jack Johnson
windows, and making a hurried toilet I was on my
stunt with the windows, and bedecking my form with the same old paraphernalia, I bit the
way to the dining room, arriving there just as the doors were closing.
high spots to the grub room, getting there just in time to slip through the perambulating doors.
There followed the usual breakfast consisting of hash,
The grub had failed to shift its scenery so on came the chopped-up member of the canine family,
grits, muffins, and hot chocolate. A few minutes
obnoxious terra, consolidated particles of corn, and annihilated superfluity. Shortly
later, I hurried into the hall to see the mail distributed into everybody's box except
after, I dashed into the hall to experience chronic gloom in the form of an unadorned mail
my own. I then returned to Fitzgerald for a few more minutes with Long's English
box. I then perigrinated to Fitts to take a farewell peep at Long's Book of
Literature. Two hours later I was hling into my respective chapel chair to
knowledge. Two hours from thence, I clamored into the chapel Chair meant for me to
listen to our usual service. Thirty minutes later,
inhale the service a la announcements. Half hour later. (but it seemed almost as long as
I was marching out of chapel and making my way to my mail box
Althussaleh lived), I was hopping along to the tune of 420 down the steps to No. 450
in which I was expecting a check, but as usual the box was empty.
which symbolized my hopes, but my destination was not reached before the sad news had been im-
parted that there was nothing doin'. Job has nothin' on me when it comes to patience, cause
I had experienced today, but I was smiling throu it all. The next two
three times I had faced pure disappointment, and still I wore a Billikin Grin. The next two
classes were very difficult for me to report to, and if the dinner bell had not
classes were inconceivable, notorious experiences, and if it had not been for the honk-honk of the

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rung I would not have smiled much longer. On reaching the dining dinner horn, I would have closely resembled a raving maniac. But alas when the beans were room door, my hopes fell. I almost lost my patience. But in view, my physiognomy fell as a falling satellite. This was almost the last straw. But then I thought peraps I would get my check on the last mail. For the fifth time nix, there was another chance for the promised check. Again

I was disappointed i could not find disappointment in its most ghoulish attire was trying to show me a big time. I searched words to express my feelings.

diligently through my ultra-sophisticated vocabulary for words to denote my stupefaction, but, When I reached the dining room for the third time and even Webster failed to shine. My limitation was reached, when I sauntered into the grub saw sausage, biscuits and coffee my patience was entirely exhausted. room to be met by the barks of young "avenies," sinkers and reminiscence.

I had met with disappointment on every hand and I concluded that the Scarab must Speaking of disappoint---well all I have to say is that the Scarab must have been with me. Anyway it was not the close of "A Perfect Day." have been paying his annual visit. Anyhow it was a closed chapter as far as I was concerned.

MORAL: Learn to meet disappointment with a smile.

RUBY G. SPENCER, '20

Book Seven



Humor



Born on November the Twenty-fifth, Ideas for Hudson Hall Reception



Killed in "Battle" by Dean's Regiment, November Twenty-seventh, at High Noon



Will of the Deceased

Wherefore it has been decreed that I be removed from the Social Calendar of the Greensboro College students, I do hereby before taking my bitter, tearful departure will my worldly possessions to my benefactors. To the faculty imitators, the proposed receiving line, I will wrinkles and exaggerated dignity, that would have necessarily been involved in the "make-up." To the real resident faculty of Hudson Hall, I will the youth and beauty that would have been requisite at the punch bowl. To the "Callers," I will *punch* which was to have tickled their palpatory organs. To the new floors, I will polish; to the new rugs, high color; to the furniture, "good repair" which would have been carefully considered in the execution of ideas and plans; to the impropriety of the occasion and those not consulted, I will myriads of apologies.

(SIGNED) RESIDENTS OF HUDSON HALL,

(Seal) M. T. SILLS, *Notary Public*.

* * *

LISTEN TO THIS, GIRLS!!

"Your hands were made to hold, my dear,
Your hair to lure me on;
Your eyes were made to sparkle, clear;
Your face to gaze upon.
Your cheeks were made to blush, my dear;
Your waxen ears petite
Were made to catch the silver strains
Of music soft and sweet.
Your lips were made to kiss, my dear;
Your arms were made to cling;
Your voice was made to speak, my dear,
NOT TO SING"

—*Literary Digest*.

Patriotic Column

WHEN THE WAR WILL END

Absolute knowledge have I none,
But my aunt's washerwoman's sister's son
Heard a policeman on his beat
Say to a laborer on the street
That he had a letter just last week
Written in the finest Greek
From a Chinese coolie in Timbuctoo
Who said the negroes in Cuba knew
Of a colored man in a Texas town
Who got it straight from a circus clown
That a man in Klondike heard the news
From a gang of South American Jews
About somebody in Bohemia
Who heard of a man who claims to know
Of a swell society female fake
Whose mother-in-law will undertake
To prove that her husband's sister's niece
Has stated in a printed piece
That she has a son who has a friend
Who knows when this war is going to end.
—Selected

THE SLACKER'S LAMENT

My Tuesdays are meatless,
My Wednesdays are wheatless,
I'm growing more eatless each day,
My room is heatless,
My bed is sheetless,
They all go to the Y. M. C. A.
My coffee is sweetless,
The bar rooms are treatless,
Each day I grow poorer and wiser;
My stockings are footless,
My trousers are seatless,
Great Scot! how I do hate the Kaiser! —Anon

THE CAMP SONG

If you don't like your beans andhardtack,
If you don't like your Mulligan stew,
Don't grumble at what you eat,
Your table is always neat,
And your Captain is good to you.
If you don't like your thirty monthly,
If you don't like your mess sergeant, too,
Don't grumble at the feed you're getting,
It's Uncle Sam who's feeding you! —Anon.

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LITTLE HERBIE HOOVER

Little Herbie Hoover's come to our house to stay
To make us scrape the dishes clean, and keep the crumbs away,
An' learn us to make war bread, an' save up all the grease,
For the less we eat of butter, the sooner we'll have peace.
An' all us other chil'ren when our scanty meal is done,
We gather up around the fire an' has the mostest fun
A-listenin' to the proteins that Herbie tells about,
An' the Calories that git you

Et
you
don't
watch
out!

An' little Herbie Hoover says, when the fire burns low,
An' the vitamins are creepin' from the shadows, sof' an' slow,
You better eat the things the Food Folks says they's plenty of,
An' cheat the garbage pail, an' give all butchers' meat the shove,
An' gather up the corn pone an' vegetables an' fish,
An' don't get fresh a-talkin' of what you won't do without,
Or the Calories'll git you

Et
you
don't
watch
out!

—Selected.

A DADDY HE CAN BRAG ABOUT

Now, all you boys in olive drab,
Come smoke a good luck pipe with me,
I'll read your fortune in the smoke
An' tell you all the things I see.

I see three kiddies, plain as day—
One says "My pa owns everything,
A million million dollars, too."
The other says "My pa's a king."

An' then the littlest kid of all
Swell's up until his buttons tear—
"Shucks, they ain't in it with my dad!
Why, fellers, he fought OVER THERE!"

Here's luck, you boys in olive drab,
Good fortune brings you safely out
And give some littlest kid some day
A daddy he can brag about.

—Selected.

* * *

DEFINITION OF A BLUSH

"A blush is a temporary erythema and calorific effulgence of the physiognomy actologised by the perceptiveness of the sensorium, in the predicament of inequilibrium, from a sense of shame, anger, or other cause, eventuating in a paresis of the face—motorial, muscular filaments of the facial capillaries, where by being divested of their elasticity, they become suffused with a radiance, emanating from an intimidating praecedria."



The Faculty Philosophizes

An idle pupil seldom escapes temptation because she is so careful not to let any temptation escape her.

A teacher who has a pupil that causes her exasperation should not shed tears; she should shed the pupil.

When a professor rails against the incompetence of students in general, it is a sure sign of newness; a confirmed teacher is too indifferent on the subject to be bitter about it.

From the student's point of view, it would seem—"Knowledge comes but must not linger."

It may be possible to patch up a neglected lesson, but the darned places will always rub even if they don't show.

After a teacher has been exposed to crying several times it ceases to move him—except to move him out of the room.

When you hear the excuses that some students bring to the class room, you realize how they must hate to work.

It's a wise teacher who knows how little he knows about his own pupils.

Don't think your students have ceased to work because they have begun to offer excuses; it's when they stop taking the trouble to excuse themselves that you have real grounds for suspicion.

It is usually a sad shock to the vocal instructor when the student, after having been told to watch him closely and imitate him exactly, in an effort to gain a high note emits sounds suggestive of the strangling of a cow.

There is nothing quite so easy for a student as forgetting—especially what she never knew.

A student's ideal course is the one she didn't take.

A new student is a mysterious chemical combination; add work and you never know what she will turn into.

It is always a shock to a teacher when she finds that the notes taken by the student from her brilliant lectures are carelessly thrown on the table between the latest fashion magazine and today's moving picture ad.

Some students rise to recite with the same grace and alacrity that they would display in climbing a barbed wire fence.

A girl will sit on the edge of her bed and dream for half an hour over the latest letter from "John"; and then send her room-mate into nervous prostration—and, later, the instructor into hysterics—because she has only five minutes left in which to write her theme.

Some students are born for work; some achieve work; and some live in the deadly fear that work is going to be thrust upon them.

When a student claims that circumstances have prevented her from doing the work assigned, it is pretty safe to conclude that "Circumstances" grades more closely than you do.

Train up a Freshman in the way she should go—and then when she's a Sophomore, watch her depart from it.

A Professor's surprise at the calmness with which his pupil receives the announcement that she has flunked his course, is only equalled by his astonishment at her hysteria when her commencement dress does not equal that of her room-mate.

Some student's sense of duty is so peculiar that it gets out of working order the minute she comes near a good time.

A student need not swear at the teacher; she can always shut the door so that it sounds just like a "damn!"

The teacher whose class contains the college beauty soon learns that "a thing of beauty" is not necessarily "a joy forever."



The Student Philosophizes

Many a girl considers herself a heroine until she strives to reason with her music teacher.

A good teacher may be the salt of the earth, but he often seems more like the pepper.

There never was a teacher so small that she couldn't look down on a six-foot pupil with an amazing air of loftiness.

The kind of student that some teachers are looking for is one that can practice her piano exercise with one hand, write a theme with the other, study Sociology with all her mind, gracefully qunder Browning the while.

A girl who devotes her college life to book-learning and cuts out all else, soon learns that she has been eating the bread of life without any jam on it.

It isn't the professor who is willing to make you stay up late to work for him, but the one that is willing to get up early to coach you, that you ought to waste your powder on.

It's often not so much the understanding of the game of basketball that wins the match game, but the "understanding" of the players.

College courses are like the pictures in the anti-fat ads—so different before and after taking.

When a student tells a teacher that she is sorry her work isn't done, she doesn't mean that she is sorry she didn't do it, but that she is sorry he found it out.

The sad patient smile that one often sees on the face of a conscientious student may not come so much from over work as from a daily effort to listen to her teacher's latest joke.

The Sophomore reading—"Joy cometh in the morning!"—Well, all I've got to say is—he never took English II.

After all each college course has its uses—even if it's only as an excuse for not coming up on the assignment in some other course.

There are some music teachers who regard their pupils' accomplishments with the same patronizing complacency that they feel toward the tricks of the trained monkey at the zoo.

Some students smile when a teacher declares she knows her own mind—and wonder why she seems so proud of the acquaintance.

If only the music of the spheres was loud enough to drown the din that comes from the practice rooms!

When a teacher discovers that a pupil knows more about some subjects than she does, it strikes her dumb—but not with admiration.

The hardest part about the third or fourth excuse is to remember what story you told the professor last time.

Flatter a professor a little and he will admire you; flatter him too much and he will soon begin to wonder why such a combination of Paul, Plato and Solomon ever wastes his time in instructing such a little ignoramus as you.

Students and instructors may meet in heaven—but some of them won't if they see each other first—or if the Sophomores can prevent it.

To keep a teacher interested in your work for him deal it out to him in homeopathic doses; one only wants more of anything that one cannot get enough of.

Some teachers, remember, don't demand common sense from their pupils; they prefer incense.

Alas that the studying fever should so often be followed by a chill!

The poet who sang of "woman's infinite variety" never taught a Senior; had such been the case he would somewhere have found a more comprehensive term.

There is nothing which falls with such a dull, sickening thud on a teacher's vanity as the dead silence of the class after he has told one of his most sparkling and witty jokes.

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JEST ER LAUGH!

Betsy: "Wish I was in your shoes."

Thelma: "What fer?"

Betsy: "'Cause mine hurt!"

A Sophomore who had a theme graded "R" had a terrible time trying to count down the alphabet to see just what her grade averaged!

Junior: "A man that works for an employer is called an employee; is a man who owes money called a debtee?"

Freshman to Busy Senior: "Which burns longer, a tallow or a wax candle?"

Senior: "Oh, a wax candle, I suppose."

Fresh: "No, both burn shorter!"

Junior: "What does 'taboo' mean?"

Senior: "Oh, that's something sailors have on their arms!"

Miss Hall, on French Class: "Give the principal parts of the verb dire."

Freshman: "Dear, dearer, dearest."

M. C., reading English VI: "The lordly Nigger flowed!!" (Niger).

Smart Fresh: "When did Caesar propose to an Irish girl?"

Puzzled Junior: "Oh, I don't know."

Fresh: "When he reached the Tiber to Bridget."

Plural of swain is swan; plural of appendix is appendicitis!

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEMS

I. To prove: That the wind is blind.

Proof: Wind is a zephyr,
A Zephyr is yarn,
A yarn is a tale,
A tail is an attachment,
An attachment is love,
Love is blind,
Therefore the wind is blind!

II. To prove: That a sheet of paper is a dog.

Proof: A sheet of paper is an ink-lined plane.
An inclined plane is a slope up.
A slow pup is a dog.

Therefore a sheet of paper is a dog!

III. To prove: That a cat has nine tails.

Proof: No cat has eight tails.
And one cat will have one more tail than no cat
Therefore one cat has nine tails.

M. W.: "Helen, do you know Miss B——?"

H. M., absently: "No, what's her name?"

Wad some power the giftie gie us to see ourselves as the pupils see us—but it wouldn't make us happy.

Receipts from a Domestic Science note book: "To fascinate an intelligent man, pretend to be silly; to attract a good man, pretend to be naughty; to win a fool, pretend to be clever; and to charm the devil, pretend to be a saint."

THE ECHO

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Fresh 1: "Say, what do you call that wonderful red light we saw last night in the sky?"

Fresh 2: "Oh, that was an Arcopagitica."

Fresh 3: "Not so! It was a Roly Poly Alley!"

(And they meant aurora borealis!)

G. W.: "Did Bryant write 'To a Water-Fowl'?"

M. C.: "No, he wrote 'Hymn to Death!'"

G. W., sleepily: "Did you say he rode him to death?"

Mr. Hurley on English III: "Miss Wilson, where is Elysium?"

M. W.: "Well, I'm not exactly sure, but I think it's somewhere in Spain or on the Mediterranean Sea!"

Mr. Hurley: "Miss Snow, what style of writing is this?"

M. E. S.: "Well, I think it is lyrical prose."

Mr. Hurley: "Who was Dante?"

Bright Junior: "A French philosopher."

Junior Ideas of Shakespeare:

Hotspur is the most comical character in all literary creation.

He is inspiring in his humor.

Henry IV was mentioned by Meres in 1623; written in 1894, and printed in 1897 or 1898!

Mrs. Siler, to her Bible Class: "What is the Septuagint?"

"Hub": "A popular Jewish feast!"

R. A.: "First seven books of the Bible!"

M. G.: "A body of seven religious men."

Claire: "Seven of the Jewish tribes!"

Lucy B., just back from Elon College Conference: "Oh, girls, there was a man there from Japanese!"

Miss J. T. to Sociology Class: "One of the history examination papers informed me that the three classes in England are the nobility, middle class, and the pheasants! Now, Miss Harrell, what are pheasants?"

Thelma H.: "Oh, they are birds with perfectly beautiful foliage!"

"Of all sad words

Of tongue or pen,

The saddest are these,

I've flunked again."

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going to sneeze, kind sir," she said.

"And at whom will you sneeze, my pretty maid?"

"Atchoo, atchoo, kind sir," she said.

THE ECHO

1918

MY "DARLING"

That magic name delights my ear,
It charms me into dreams so dear,
'Tis music that I love to hear—
That winsome term, "my darling."

It drives dull care away from me,
It brings glad thoughts, so full of glee,
It makes my heart so light and free—
That winsome term, "my darling."

I love to touch her lovely hair,
To gaze upon her features fair;
'Tis a gem among the jewels rare—
That winsome term, "my darling."

It has the power to love and bless,
Ah me, indeed I must confess
I'd live content could I possess
That winsome girl, "my darling."

BORROWINGS

There are meters iambic,
And meters trochaic,
And meters in musical tone;
But the meter
That's sweeter,
And neater—
Completer—
Is to meet 'er
In the moonlight alone.—Selected.

* * *

HARD TO BEAT

Last night I held a little hand
So dainty and so neat;
Methought my heart would burst with joy,
So wildly did it beat.
No other hand unto my soul
Could greater solace bring
Than that I held last night, which was
Four aces and a king.—Anon.

* * *

"When yesterday I asked you, love,
One little word to say,
Your brother interrupted us;
Now please say yes-ter-day."—Anon.

* * *

"I stole a kiss the other night,
My conscience hurt, alack!
I think I'll have to go tonight
And give the blamed thing back!"—Selected.

THE ECHO

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OH, DEAR!

The swell youth was dejected
Because he'd been rejected
By the girl he loved, Miss Bell.
He had not once suspected
She never had expected
Her true love to be a swell.
He had always been respected
By her Pa who had inspected
And had found him standing well.
His merits were collected,
His finances dissected—
What the sum was, none could tell.
But the lady was infected
With desires to have perfected
The man who to her fortune fell.
And she instantly rejected
This lover so dejected
Because he didn't kiss well!!

LOVE LIMERICKS

As writ by G. C. girls to their "Darlings."

ODE TO MY OWN "CRUSH"

Like the deep blue of the ocean
Are her dreamy, starry eyes;
Like a whisper sent from heaven
Are her soft and gentle sighs.
Like the blush of autumn roses
Are her cheeks of velvet down;
Like the smile of goddess Venus
Is her all-entrancing frown.
Like the crimson-colored rambler
Are her coral lips so sweet—
Oh, she's nothing but a jewel
From her head down to her feet.

A CONFESSION

It's awful to be lonesome,
It's awful to be blue;
It's awful to be crying
When you've lots of work to do.
But naught can stop the flowing
Of this salty, gushing stream
Save the coming of my lady—
The lady of my dream.



THE SCIENTIFIC REASON WHY GEORGE WASHINGTON CUT DOWN THE CHERRY TREE

"If the predicament of theoretical phrenology demonstrate objectivism in the abnormal palpitation of the obstructionists, we desire to panegyrize the parliamentarian, who brought about the approachment of the sanguineous rapscaillon and the ultramontist whose sensibility is questionable introggression of the permissible cranium.

On the other hand, a pandemonium prevalent possibly in paleontology might result in oburgatory obnoxiousness observable only on obstreperous observation, where the unmesmatist, noticing neither neodymium, negotiability nor nebulous necromancy, commemorates the geodyst of the generalism and with unpresonistic unpregnability and familiar fan-faronade elocates the determinative cuneiform by connotation of the banderilla or the asperinous arborescence."

"DAILY FOOD"

"Has the mail been put up?"
"Class dismissed; Miss Harris, may I see you a few moments?"
"Glee Club will meet this afternoon at four o'clock sharp."
"Kathle-e-e-n-n! Turn on the lights."
"My dears!"
"The faculty will give their play week after next."
"The Juniors will sell ice-cream at four o'clock."
"Miss Hubbard has an announcement."
"On one of my itineraries."
"Has the bell rung?"
"What meeting will we have tonight?"
"Nellie, lend me your new suit."
"What's the lesson 'bout?"
"I heartily endorse."
"Mirabile Dictu!"
"Dog-gone! Got to go to class."
"Lend me a dime."
"Don't take all the hot water."
"Is this eatless day?"
"How many days till Commencement?"
"Ooogh—ooogh—umph!" (West)
"Jabberwock's crazy."
"Now what does our author say?"
"Whose day to clean up?"
"Young Ladies!"
"Let's have quiet, please."
"Does that 'Ford' really belong to the college girls?"
"Well, well, well, what *do* I see?"
"Has Her-hey's gone up yet?"
"OUR SITTING ROOM!"

THE ECHO

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LOVE STORIES

A NOVEL

- CHAPTER I. Maid one.
CHAPTER II. Maid woi.
CHAPTER III. Made one.

ANOTHER NOVEL

- CHAPTER I.
Full moon.
Late birds.
Sleigh ride.
Sweet words.
CHAPTER II.
He loved.
She loved.
One kiss.
Much bliss.
CHAPTER III.
Both loved.
No jilt.
"Wilt thou?"
"I wilt."
CHAPTER IV.
Pa—Yes.
Ma—Yes.
All met.
Day set.
CHAPTER V.
Large church.
Sweet bride.
Gay groom.
Knot tied.
CHAPTER VI.
Small house.
Much joy.
Long life.
One boy.

MOST IMPORTANT CHAPTER IN NOVEL, NUMBER 3

"May I print a kiss on your lips?" he said.
She nodded a sweet permission.
So they went to press
And I guess
They printed a big edition.

WOULD YOU?

I'd rather be a Could Be
If I could not be an Are,
For a Could Be is a May Be
With a chance of touching par
I'd rather be a Has Been
Than a Might Have Been, by far,
For a Might Have Been has never been,
But a Has was once an Are.

THE ECHO

1918

THE CROSSED FINGERS

He swore that her kiss was the first he had had;
But his fingers were crossed!
He vowed that not only he'd ne'er had a taste
Of quivering lips, but that no other waist
Had ever been clasped by his arm.
Then in haste
His two fingers he crossed!

The sparkler he gave her he'd purchased that day
But his fingers were crossed!
No previous maiden had worn it—nay, nay!
But his fingers were crossed!
And never, so long as his life should endure,
Would eye, cheek, or lip of another maid lure—
He knew it—past every doubt he was sure—
But his fingers were crossed!

She listened to all of the guff he had said
While his fingers were crossed!
She laid on his bosom her wise little head
While his fingers were crossed!
She answered so low that the famed "little bird"
Who peddles sweet secrets could scarcely have heard
As she breathed, "Oh, my love, I believe every word!"
But HER fingers were crossed!!

—Selected

MY EVENING STAR

As I lie here at night on my little white bed
And gaze at the stars that shine overhead,
I think of "my crush," so near yet so far—
The light of my life, my bright evening star.

The star o'er my head seems to twinkle and glow
With a glorious light; it seems to bestow
A sweet benediction upon me just now,
And offers repose to my hot, fevered brow.

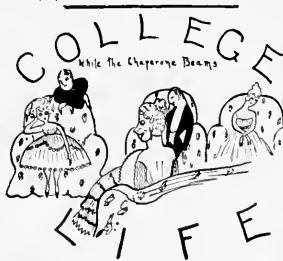
So I doze off to sleep on my little white bed
While visions of "crushes" float by o'er my head,
And I dream and I hope, and I long and I pine
For a "sure-nuff" monopoly on that "crush" of mine.



As We Imagined It — All Junior Proms



Any Afternoon



While the Chaparone Beams



Senior Elective
Ocular Studies



Study Hour



While the Chaparone Beams

THE ECHO

1918

SHORT! SHORTER! SHORTEST!!

Half an inch, half an inch,
Half an inch shorter!
Whether the skirts are for
Mother or daughter!
Briefer the dresses grow,
Fuller the ripples flow,
While whisking glimpses show
More than they oughter!

Forward the dress parade!
Is there a man dismayed?
No; from the sight displayed
None could be sundered!
Theirs not to make remark;
Clergyman, clubman, clerk—
Gaping from noon to dark
At the Four Hundred.

Short skirts to right of them!
Shorter to left of them!
Shortest in front of them,
Flaunted and flirted!
In hose of stripe and plaid,
Hued most exceeding glad,
Sporting in spats run mad,
Come the short-skirted.

Flashed all their ankles there;
Flashed as they turned in air!
What will not women dare?
(Though the exhibits show
Some of them blundered!)
All sorts and types of pegs—
Broomsticks, piano legs;
Here and there fairy shapes
Just built to walk on eggs,
Come by the hundred!

When can their glory fade?
Oh the wild show they made!
All the world wondered,
Grande dame and demoiselle,
Shop girl and Bowery belle.
Four Hundred? H'm—oh, well,
Any old hundred!

—Selected.

THE ECHO

1918

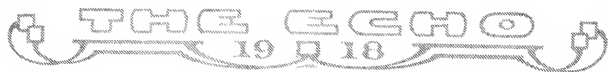
DEUX DOUZAINE DON'TS

1. Don't go through college without changing darlings once a month. This is an unwritten law.
2. Don't forget to ask for a big check whenever you write home.
3. Don't be at all surprised when Nellie appears in another new costume.
4. Don't forget to cut classes when you prefer auto riding in the "campus Ford."
5. Don't remember to register in the little book. It's such a nuisance.
6. Don't forget that you came to college to have a good time.
7. Don't forget that a temporary illness is very convenient on quiz days.
8. Don't neglect your daily conversation with "West." He is so appreciative.
9. Don't forget to keep your lights burning and the water running. It alleviates the monotony of dormitory life.
10. Don't forget that on October 20, 1918, the entire student body is expected to wear gym suits to West Market Street Church to join in the Sunday School athletics.
11. Don't forget that your chance of having a "crush" on the "most sentimentalist" girl in school is getting slimmer every day.
12. Don't miss an opportunity to aggravate your proctor because she expects it, and would be disappointed.
13. The college will appreciate your patronizing the city's drug stores; it boosts Greensboro's activities.
14. Don't be timid about creating new privileges for yourself. The Student Council needs help along this line.
15. Don't forget that midnight is an ideal time for feasting; it is an economical measure, because it saves the college a great deal of expense on breakfasts.
16. Don't mind being "sassy" on class. It cultivates an aptitude for repartee which is highly valued by your literary society.
17. Don't take music to the practice rooms. "Life" and "Cosmo" are much more interesting.
18. Don't ever hand themes in on time. It is so stylish to be late.
19. Don't forget to abide strictly by college time. The rhythm which alternates from fast to slow should prove especially fascinating to prospective E. M.'s.
20. Don't buy little ice-cream cones from the Juniors. It encourages them in stinginess.
21. Don't be so blooming quiet! It isn't healthy!
22. Don't forget to write to "John" during each study hour. He needs your encouragement and—and—er—well, other things, especially if his other name is "Sammy."
23. Don't waste your money on text-books. Save it to buy "cats." You can use the library copy when mid-term and final exams roll around.
24. Don't forget your weekly bath on Saturday night, even if you don't think you really need it!!

* * *

A drafted man presented the following verse from the Bible, Deuteronomy 24:5, as just claims for exemption:

"When a man hath taken a new wife, he shall not go out to war, neither shall he be charged with any business; but he shall be free at home one year, and shall cheer up his wife which he hath taken."



Acknowledgement

The Board of Editors of "THE ECHO" take this opportunity for thanking all who have assisted us in any way, especially

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The girls in the business department for their assistance in copying;

And Mr. Hurley, whose never-failing suggestions and untiring assistance have made this volume a reality.



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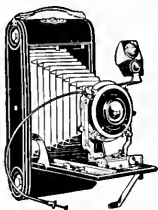
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ARE MOST HIGHLY FAVORED
BY SMARTLY DRESSED COLLEGE GIRLS

R. C. BERNAU

THE POPULAR
JEWELER

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CLASS RINGS, PINS,
AND
COLLEGE JEWELRY
MADE TO ORDER

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*Coming or Going---Make
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ALWAYS OPEN

OPPOSITE PASSENGER STATION
GREENSBORO, N. C.

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QUALITY COUNTS

Do not buy cheap shoes this Spring just because good footwear costs a little more than you have been accustomed to paying.

It is not Economy.

One good pair of shoes will outwear two pairs of inferior quality and retain their shape throughout long service.

You'll have to pay more for shoes whichever way you figure; and one pair of good shoes is actually cheaper than two pairs of cheap shoes. Considered from the point of economy it is far better for you to **BUY GOOD SHOES.**

Every Inch a
Shoe Store

Dobson Sills

GREENSBORO and
WINSTON-SALEM

Buy Your
Bed Room Chairs
Bed Room Rockers
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Chairs from
Lexington Chair
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Petrie Complete
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